The Saturday Evening Post

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I LOVED HIM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY KATHERINE FILER.

Oh, languid noon! Oh, sultry summer-noon!
How have we twain together 'neath your light
Compared it to our love—so bounteous pure,
So flooding all the heavens with beauties bright!
Vowed 'twas not warmer than our passionate love!
Oh, languid noon! Oh, sultry summer-noon!
One little hour you lingered in the sky,
One little hour. His love was gone as soon.
Oh! that I loved him!

When my young life was careless as the May,
Full of sweet promises of womanhood,
When o'er my living crept no evil cloud,
And God dealed out to me naught but the good,
Then 'twas my young heart budded into bloom,
Flooded with love-light of his lambent eyes,
And leaned unto him, full of tender trust,
Like as the lily reaches toward the skies.
Oh! that I loved him!

Oh, the bright glory of the harvest-time
When underneath the maple's gold we strayed,
And to my list'ning all his ardorous love
He uttered 'neath the veil of shifting shade!
He held my happy, all-believing heart,
Thrilled thro' and thro' with loving, in his power,
And plucked it wantonly; though 'twas my all,
To him it seemed but as some wind-blown flower.
Oh! that I loved him!

When o'er life's sky the brooding clouds came floating
Like ragged battle-banners, stained and gray,
When gusts of sleety woe struck thwart my heart,
And mocking joys like false friends turned away,
When even God seemed deaf unto my grief—
E'en while my fierce prayers clamored at Heaven's gate,
And held no Helping Hand for me to grasp
And cling unto, an anchor against Fate,
E'en though I loved Him;

Then came my lover with his tender smile
Beaming through eyes so melancholy-sweet,
Pressed my heart to his own a happy while
That it might thrill me with its passionate beat,
Dropped burning kisses on my quivering lips,
Called me dear names in saddened, soothing tone,
And held my tremulous fingers in his palm,—
Then turned, and left me sorrowing alone.
Oh! that I loved him!

Oft-times I think upon the olden love,
The glorious love of youth for aye departed,
The cruel blow—given by the hands I kissed
In long-ago—that left me broken-hearted.
"In long-ago"—God knows, thrice long to me!
"In long-ago,"—and— Oh! I love him yet!
Why is that this bitterest affection
Of youth the scorning heart will not forget!
Oh! that I loved him!

Racine, Wisconsin.

The Action of Water.

Rains fall so silently and waves beat so constantly that we are not apt to appreciate their immense power and the extent of the changes which they effect. But in all parts of the world water is perhaps the greatest, certainly the most incessant and constant agent which acts on the surface of the globe. In the north it fulfils its purpose by means of the huge sheets and mountains of ice, and as we come further south we find the annual fall of rain increases, and with it the extent of its power. In some localities between the tropics we have an almost constant fall of rain for some seasons of the year, as in the vicinity of the Khasia Mountains, north of the Bay of Bengal, where, during the four months of the rainy season, between five and six hundred inches of rain falls, completely stripping the country of all vegetable soil, and leaving only the bare rocks. This condition is of course as deplorable as the want of sufficient irrigation. Egypt and Palestine have often been quoted as examples of the two extremes in this respect, Egypt receiving almost no rain during the year, the earth depending upon the annual overflow of the Nile, and upon artificial means for its irrigation; and Palestine, though closely adjoining, because of hills and valleys, being blessed with plenteous rains.

RIPON FALLS, VICTORIA NILE RIVER.

The Victoria Nile flows from the Victoria Nyanza Lake, discovered by Captain Speke, into the Albert Nyanza, discovered by Sir Samuel Baker, these two lakes forming the real sources of the Nile.

BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

The two guests, Sir Nash Bohun and his son, were departing from Dallory Hall. They had arrived the previous afternoon in time to attend the funeral, had dined and slept, and were now going again. The coming at all had originated with Sir Nash. In his sympathy with the calamity—the particulars of which had been written to him by his nephew, Arthur Bohun—Sir Nash had proposed to show his concern and respect for the North family by coming with his son to attend the funeral. The offer was accepted: albeit Mrs. North was not best pleased to receive them. For some cause or other, Madam had never been solicitous to court intimacy with her first husband's brother: when thrown into his society, there was something in her manner that almost seemed to say she did not feel at ease with him.

Neither at the dinner last night nor at the breakfast this morning, had the master of the house been present: the entertaining of the guests had fallen on Richard North as his father's representative. Captain Bohun was of course with them; also the rest of the family, including Madam. Madam played her part gracefully in a full suit of mourning: black crape elaborately set off with jet. For once in her life she was honest, and did not affect to feel the grief for Edmund that she would have felt for a son.

Sitting disconsolately before the open window of his parlor, was Mr. North. His new black clothes looked too large for him, his slippers were down at heel, his whole air was that of one who seems to have lost interest in the world. It is astonishing how aged, as compared with other moments, men will look in their seasons of abandonment. While we battle with our cares, they spare in a degree the face: but in the abandonment of despair, when all around seems dreary, and we are sick and faint because to fight longer seems impossible, look at the poor sunken face then!

The room was dingy; it has already been said; rather long, but narrow. The door opened at the end, the window faced it. The fireplace was in the middle on the left; opposite to it an old open secretaire, filled with seeds and papers pertaining to gardening, stood side by side with a closet door. This closet—which was however more of a small shut-in passage than a closet had an opposite door opening to the dining-room. But, if the parlor was in itself dingy, the capacious window and the prospect on which it looked, brightened it. Stretching out before it, broad and large, was the gay parterre of many-colored flowers, Mr. North's only delight for years past. In the cultivation of these flowers, he had found a refuge, a sort of shelter from the consciousness of disappointment that was ever upon him, from life's daily vexations and petty cares. Heaven is all-merciful, and some counter-balancing interest to grievous and long-continued sorrow is often supplied. "She wants me to give up my garden; but I should die; I should die, Dick," Mr. North said one day imploringly to his son Richard after a dispute with Madam. Such disputes were frequent. And yet—could it be properly called dispute when the railing and reproach were all on one side? Madam wanted money perpetually; money and money, nothing but money; and when her husband avowed—with far more deprecation than he could have used to any other woman on earth—that he was unable to furnish it, she abused him. "Give up your expensive garden," was often the burthen of her cry; and in very fear, as it seemed, lest he should have to give it up, he had yielded so far as gradually to reduce his staff of gardeners to two. "On my word, I think it is the garden and its care that keeps life in him," Richard North had exclaimed in a confidential moment to Mrs. Gass. "Then, Mr. Richard, sir," was the answer, "let him always have it; you and me can take care of so much as that." Richard nodded. There were times when circumstances compelled him to entrust home secrets to Mrs. Gass—and he might have had a worse depository.

Mr. North sat looking at his flowers. He had been sitting there just as he was for the past hour, buried in reflections that were not pleasant, and the morning was getting on. He thought of his embarrassments—those applications for money from Madam, that he strove to hide from his well-beloved son Richard, and that made the terror of his life. They were apt to come upon him at the most unexpected times, in season and out of season; it seemed to him that he was never free from them; that he could never be sure at any minute she would not come down upon him the next. For the past few days the house had been, so to say, sacred from these carping concerns; even she had respected the sorrow in it; but with this morning, the return to everyday life, business and the world resumed its sway. Mr. North was looked upon as a man perfectly at his ease in money matters; "rolling in wealth" people would say, as they talked of the handsome portion his two daughters might expect on their wedding-day. Local debts, the liabilities of ordinary, passing life, were kept punctually paid; Richard saw to that; and perhaps no one in the whole outer world, save Mrs. Gass, suspected the truth and the embarrassment. Mr. North thought of his other son, he who had gone from his view forever; but the edge of the grief was wearing off, though he was as eager as ever to find out the writer of the anonymous letter.

But there is a limit to all things—I don't know what would become of some of us if there were not—and the mind cannot dwell forever upon its own bitterness. Unhappy topics, as if in very fatigue, gradually drifted away from Mr. North's mind, and were replaced by loving thoughts of his flowers. How could it be otherwise, when their scent came floating to him through the broad open window in a delicious sea of perfume. The assorted colors charmed the eye, the sweet aroma took captive the senses. Spring flowers, all; and simple ones. It was like a many-hued plain; and further on, beyond the trees that bounded the grounds, a fine view was obtained of the open country over Dallory Ham. Hills and dales, woods and sunny plains, with here and there a gleam of glistening water lay underneath the distant horizon. Sir John looked not at the landscape, which was a familiar book to him, but at his flowers. The spring had been continuously cold and wet, retarding the appearance of these early flowers to a very remarkably late period. For the past week or two the weather had been lovely, but with a summer brightness, and the flowers seemed to have sprung up all at once. Hyacinths, blue, pink, white, purple; gilly-flowers in all their rich shades; white daffodils; primroses, double and single; cowslips and polyanthuses, and so on. Just as he chose the most simple flowers to cultivate, so he called them all by their more simple and familiar names. Madam turned up her nose at both in contemptuous derision; sometimes speaking in society of Mr. North's "vulgar cottage garden." A little later, the tulip beds would be in bloom. A rare collection, that; a show for the world to flock to. Great people came boldly inside; small ones would peep through the shrubs and over the railings, sniffing the sweet scent, and saying the ground was like a many-hued carpet of gorgeous colors. Later on still, the roses would be out, and many thought they were the best show of all. And so the year went on, the flowers replacing each other in their loveliness.

Sadness sat on them to-day; for we see things you know in accordance with our own mood, not with their actual brightness. Mr. North rose with a sigh and stood at the open window. Only that very day week, about this time in the morning, his eldest son had stood there with him side by side. For this was the eighth of May. "Poor fellow!" sighed the father, as he thought of this.

Some one went sauntering down the path that led round from the front of the house, and disappeared beyond the trees; a short, slight young man. Mr. North recognized him for Sidney; Madam's son as well as his own: and he heaved a sigh almost as profound as the one he gave to the dead Edmund. Sidney North was dreadfully dissipated, and had caused already a good deal of trouble. It was suspected—and with truth—that some of Madam's superfluous money went to this son. She had brought him up badly, fostering his vanity, and indulging him in everything. By the very way in which he walked now—his head hanging moodily down, his gait slouching, his hands thrust into his pockets, Mr. North judged him to be in some dilemma. He had not wished him to be called home for the funeral; no, though the dead had stood to him as half-brother; but Madam took her own way and wrote for him. "He'll be a thorn in her side if he lives," thought the father, his reflections unconsciously going out to that future time when he himself should be no more.

The door opened, and Richard came in. Mr. North stepped back from the window at which he had been standing.

"Sir Nash and his son are going, sir. You will see them first, will you not?"

"Going! going already. Why—I declare it is past eleven! Bless me! I hope I have not been rude, Dick? Where are my boots?"

The boots stood at hand, ready for him. He put them on in a scuffle, and hid his slippers out of sight in the closet. What with his present grief, and what with a disinclination for society, or, as he called it, company, that had been for some time growing upon him, Mr. North had held aloof from his guests. But he was one of the last men to show incivility, and it suddenly struck him that perhaps he had been guilty of it.

"Dick, I suppose I ought to have been at the breakfast-table."

"Not at all, my dear father; not at all. Your remaining in privacy is perfectly natural, and I am sure Sir Nash feels it to be so. Don't disturb yourself: they will come to you here."

Almost as he spoke they came in, Captain Bohun with them. Sir Nash was a very fine man with a proud face, that put you in mind at once of Arthur Bohun's, and of the calmest, pleasantest, most courteous manners possible. His son Thomas was not in the least like him; a studious, sickly man, his health delicate, his dark hair scanty. James Bohun's time was divided between close classical reading, and philanthropic pursuits. He strove to have what he called a mission in life: and to make it one that might do him some service in the next world.

"I am so very sorry! I had no idea you would be going so soon: I ought to have been with you before this," began Mr. North in a flutter.

But the baronet laid his hands upon him, kindly, and calmed the storm.

"My good friend, you have done everything that is right and hospitable. I would have stayed a few hours longer with you, but James has to be in London this afternoon to keep an engagement."

"It is an engagement that I cannot well put off," interposed James Bohun, in his small voice that always sounded too weak for a man. "I would not have made it, had I known what was to intervene."

"He has to preside at a public missionary meeting," explained Sir Nash. "It seems to me that he has something or other of the kind on hand every day in the year. I tell him that he is wearing himself out."

"Not every day in the year," spoke the son, as if taking the words literally. "This is the month for such meetings, you know, Sir Nash."

"You do not look strong," observed Mr. North, studying James Bohun.

"Not strong in appearance, perhaps—but I'm wiry, Mr. North: and we wiry fellows last the longest. What sweet flowers these are," added Mr. Bohun, stepping to the threshold of the window. "I could not dress myself this morning for looking at them. I longed to put the window open."

"And why did you not?" sensibly asked Mr. North.

"I can't do with the early morning air, sir. I don't accustom myself to it."

"A bit of a valetudinarian," remarked Sir Nash.

"Not at all, father," answered the son. "It is well to be cautious.

"I sleep with my window open, James, summer and winter. Well, well, we all have our different tastes and fancies. And now, my good friend," added the baronet, taking the hands of Mr. North, "when will you come and see me? A change may do you good."

"Thank you; not just yet. Thank you all the same, Sir Nash, but—later perhaps," was Mr. North's answer. He knew that the kindness was meant, the invitation sincere; and of late he had grown to feel grateful for

any shown to him. Nevertheless he thought he should never accept this.

"I will not receive you in that hot, bustling London: it is getting to be a penance to myself to stay there. You shall come to my place in Kent, and be as quiet as you please. You've never seen Peveril: it cannot boast the charming flowers that you show, but it is worth seeing. Promise to come."

"If I can. Later. Thank you, Sir Nash; and I beg you and Mr. Bohun to pardon me for all my seeming discourtesy. It has not been meant as such."

"No, no."

They walked through the hall to the door, where Mr. North's carriage waited. The large, shut-up carriage. Some dim idea was pervading those concerned, that to drive to the station in an open dog-cart, would be hardly the right thing for these mourners after the recent funeral.

Sir Nash and his son stepped in, followed by Captain Bohun and Richard North, who would accompany them to the station. As Mr. North turned in-doors again, after watching the carriage away, he ran against his daughter Matilda, resplendent in glittering black silk and jet, with endless chains of jet on her head, and neck, and arms, and skirts.

"They have invited you to visit them, have they not, papa?"

"They have invited me, yes. But I shall be none the nearer going, Matilda."

"Then I wish you would—for I want to go," she returned, speaking imperiously. "My Uncle Nash asked me. He asked mamma, and said would I accompany her: and I should like to go. Do you hear, papa? I should like to go."

It was all very well for Miss Matilda North to say "My Uncle Nash." Sir Nash was no relation to her whatever: but that he was a baronet, she might have been the first to remember it.

"You and your mamma can go," said Mr. North, with animation, as the seductive vision of the house relieved of Madam's presence for an indefinite period, arose mentally before him.

"But mamma says she shall not go."

"Oh, does she?" he cried, his spirits and the vision sinking together. "She'll change her mind, perhaps, Matilda. *I* can't do anything in it, you know."

As if to avoid further colloquy, he passed on to his parlor, and shut the door sharply. Matilda North turned into the dining-room, her handsome black silk train following her, her discontented look preceding her. Just then Mrs. North came down-stairs, a coquettish, fascinating sort of black lace hood on her head—one she was in the habit of wearing in the grounds. Matilda North heard the rustle of the robes, and looked out again.

"Are you going to walk, mamma?"

"I am. Have you anything to say against it?"

"It would be all the same if I had," was the pert answer. Not very often did Matilda North gratuitously beard her mother; but she was in an ill humor: the guests had gone away much sooner than she had expected or wished, and Madam had vexed her.

"That lace hood is not mourning," resumed Miss Matilda North, defiantly viewing Madam from top to toe.

Madam turned the hood and the haughty face it encircled on her presuming daughter. The look was enough in itself: and what she might have said was interrupted by the approach of Bessy Rane

"Have you any particular orders to give, this morning, Madam?" she asked of her step-mother—whom she as often called Madam as Mamma, the latter fond word never meeting with fond response from Mrs. North.

"If I have I'll give them later," imperiously replied Madam, sweeping out at the hall door.

"What has angered her now?" thought Bessy. "I hope and trust it is nothing connected with papa. He has enough trouble now without having to bear ill temper."

Bessy North was housekeeper. And a fine time she had of it! Between Madam's capricious orders, issued at all sorts of inconvenient hours, and the natural resentment of the servants, a less meek and patient spirit would have been worried beyond bearing. Bessy made herself the scapegoat; laboring, both by substantial help and by soothing words, to keep peace in the household. None knew how much Bessy did, or the care that was upon her. Miss Matilda North had never soiled her fingers in her life, never done more than ring the bell with a dash, and issue her imperious orders after the fashion of Madam, her mother. The two half-sisters were a perfect contrast. Certainly they presented such outwardly, as witness this morning; the one not unlike a peacock, her ornamented head thrown up, her extended train trailing, and her odds and ends of gleaming jet; the other a meek little woman in a black gown of some soft material with a bit of quiet crape upon it, and her smooth hair banded back—for she had put it plain to-day.

On her way to the kitchen, Bessy halted at her father's sitting-room and opened the door quietly. Sir John was standing against the window-frame, half inside the room, half out of it.

"Can I do anything for you, papa?"

"There's nothing to do for me, child. What time do we dine to-day, Bessy?" he asked after a pause.

"I suppose at six. Mrs. North has not given contrary orders."

"Very well. I'll have my bit of luncheon in here, child."

"To be sure. Dear papa, you are not looking well," she added, advancing to him.

"No? Looks don't matter much, Bessy, when folks get to be as old as I am. A thought comes over me at odd moments—that it is good to grow ugly, and yellow, and wrinkled. It makes us wish to become young and fair and pleasant to the sight again; and we can only do that through immortality. Through immortality, child."

Mr. North lifted his hand, the fingers of which had always now a trembling sort of movement in them, to his shrivelled face, as he repeated the concluding words, passing it twice over the weak, scanty brown hair that time and care had left him. Bessy kissed him fondly and quitted the room with a sigh, one sad thought running through her mind.

"How sadly papa is breaking!"

Mrs. North swept down the broad gravel walk leading from the entrance door, until she came to a path on the left, which led to the covered portion of the grounds. Not covered by any roof; but the trees in places here grew so thick that shade might be had at midday. This part of the grounds was near the dark portion of the Dallory highway already mentioned (where Jelly had surprised her mistress and Oliver Rane in the moonlight the past night), only the boundary hedges being between them.—Thickets of shrubs were there; hedges of laurel, privet, sweet-briar, clustering trees, their branches meeting overhead. Dark grottoes nestled at ends of walks, covert benches were hidden in corners. It was a sweet spot, affording retirement from the world, shelter from the fierce rays of the burning sun. Madam was fond of frequenting this spot; and all the more so because sundry loop-holes gave her the opportunity of peering out on the world. She could see all who passed to and from the Hall, without being herself seen. One high enclosed walk was especially liked by her; ensconced within its shade, quietly resting on one of its rustic seats, she could hear as well as see. Before she had quite gained this walk, however, her son Sidney crossed her path. A young man of twenty now, undersized, insufferably vain, fast, and conceited. His face might be called a "pretty" face; his auburn curls were arranged after the models in a hair-dresser's window; his very blue unmeaning eye had no true look in them. Sidney North was like neither father nor mother; like nobody but his own contemptible self. Madam looked upon him as next door to an angel; he was her well-beloved. There can be no blindness equal to that of a doting mother,

"My dear, I thought you had gone with them to the station," she said.

"Didn't ask me to go; Dick and Arthur made room for themselves, not for me," responded Sidney, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak, and his voice was as consequential as his mother's.

A frown crossed Madam's face. Dick and Arthur were rather in the habit of putting Sidney in the shade, and she hated them for it. Arthur was her own son, but she had never regarded him with any sort of affection.

"I'm going back this afternoon, mamma."

"This afternoon! No, my boy; I can't part with you to-day."

"Must," laconically responded Sydney, puffing at his pipe. And Madam had got to learn that it was of no use saying he was to stay if he wanted to go. "How much tin can you let me have?"

"How much do you want?"

"As much as you can give me."

His demands for money seemed to be as insatiable as Madam knew her husband found hers. The fact was beginning to give her some concern. Only two weeks ago she had despatched him all she could afford; and now here he was, asking again. A slight frown crossed her brow.

"Sidney, you spend too much."

"Must do as others do," responded Sidney.

"But, my sweet boy, I can't let you have it. You don't know the trouble it causes."

"Trouble!—with those rich North works to draw upon!" cried Sidney. "The governor must be putting by mines of wealth."

"I don't think he is, Sidney. He pleads poverty always; says we drain him. I suppose it's true."

"Flam! All old paters cry that. Look at Dick—the loads of gold he must be netting. He gets his equal share they say; goes thirds with the other two."

"Who says it?"

"A fellow told me so yesterday. It's an awful shame that Dick should be a millionaire, and I obliged to beg for every paltry coin I want! There's not so many years between us."

"Dick has got his footing in at the works, you see," observed Madam. "Let him! I'd not have *you* degrade yourself to it for the world. He's fit for nothing but work; been brought up to it; and we can spend."

"Just so," complacently returned the young man. "And you must shell out liberally for me this afternoon, mamma."

With no further ceremony of adieu or apology, Mr. Sidney North sauntered away. Madam proceeded to her favorite shaded walk, where she kept her eyes on all sides for intruders, friends or enemies. On this occasion she had the satisfaction of being gratified.

Her arms folded over the black lace shawl she wore, its hood gathered on her head, altogether very much after the fashion of a Spanish mantilla, and the gown train with its crape and jet falling in stately folds behind her, Madam had been pacing this retreat for the best part of an hour, when she caught sight, through the interstices of the leaves, of two ladies slowly approaching. The one she recognized at once as Mrs. Cumberland; the other she did not recognize at all. "What a lovely face!" was her involuntary thought.

A young, fair, lovely face. The face of Ellen Adair. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Leaf from War History.

Some facts have come to light which are very damaging to at least one whilom politician. In 1862, so the story goes, a certain lawyer, now holding office, was persuaded by a certain politician, now out of office, to use his influence in convincing President Lincoln that straw hats with immense brims would be a capital thing for our soldiers. The politician obtained a heavy contract for their manufacture. General McClellan was much amused on the reception of the first batch of straw hats for his troops on the Peninsula, and he sent them back to Washington. President Lincoln discovered that he had made a mistake, and wanted the politician to annul his contract. This the latter declined to do; at the same time he represented that there would be a demand for these hats among the people, and persuaded the President to provide for their being sold at public auction as fast as they could be manufactured. The contract provided that so many of them should be furnished at the commencement of each month. At the first sale the contractor had his party or parties on hand to bid in the hats, and they were sold at much lower rates than the contract price. When the next invoice came due, the original batch was turned over to the government authorities, exposed for sale, and again bid in by the contractor. In this manner the contractor bought and delivered over and over again the original batch, and received a handsome fortune by the operation.

☞ A contemporary says that one of our hardware dealers has struck a remedy to prevent loafing in front of his store worthy of imitation. He sprinkles red pepper on the walk near the windows, and when the "audience" assembles and begin to "shuffle around," the fine dust of the pepper arises, and the crowd soon sneeze themselves around the corner.

☞ A bigot is a religious coward trying to play the autokrat.—*Billings.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

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HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story.

It is entitled

BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find BESSY RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

CUBA.

We desire to express in brief but emphatic language, our approval of the Message in relation to Cuban affairs, sent recently to Congress by President Grant.

And in the outset we would state, that the assumptions we see in various newspapers as to the popularity of the Cuban insurrection in the United States, we believe to be entirely without foundation.

The insurrection probably is neither popular nor unpopular with the great masses of the American people, for the simple reason that they know very little about it, and that little not entirely to its credit.

They know that the insurrection was commenced without waiting to see what the action of the new government in Spain would be, and without an effort to influence the character of that action. They know that a large number of "patriotic Cubans" are in this country, serving the cause with a reasonable degree of comfort and safety to themselves. And they know also the following facts, concisely stated by the President:—

On either side the contest has been conducted, and is still carried on, with a lamentable disregard of human life and of the usages and practices which modern civilization has prescribed in mitigation of the necessary horrors of war. The torches of Spaniard and Cuban are alike busy in carrying devastation over fertile regions, and murderous and revengeful decrees are issued and executed by both parties. Count Valmaseda and Colonel Boet, on the part of Spain, have startled humanity, and aroused the indignation of the civilized world by the execution each of a score of prisoners at a time, while Quesada, the Cuban Chief, coolly and with apparent unconsciousness of aught else than a proper act, *has admitted the slaughter by his own deliberate order in one day of upwards of six hundred and fifty prisoners of war.*

A summary trial, with few, if any, escapes from conviction, followed by immediate execution, is the fate of those arrested on either side on suspicion of infidelity to the cause of the party making the arrest. Whatever may be the sympathies of the people, or of the Government of the United States, for the cause or objects for which a part of the people of Cuba are understood to have put themselves in armed resistance to the Government of Spain, there can be no just sympathy in a conflict carried on by both parties alike in such barbarous violation of the rules of civilized nations, and with such continued outrage upon the plainest principles of humanity.

But the inconsistency of many of our leading editors and politicians would be amusing were it not so dangerous. We have just had a great rebellion in this country, and thousands, if not millions of our people, still have more or less of rebellion in their hearts.

This rebellion at home is denounced as the greatest of sins; and then those who so denounce it, turn around and extol the rebellion in Cuba—and in fact rebellion everywhere else—as the greatest of virtues!

But why is it such a crime to rebel against the United States, if it be such a virtue to rebel against every other government?

If it is so wise and noble to help the Cuban rebels, even at the risk of a war with Spain, or Spain and France united, why would it be wrong for our own rebels, if they found a favorable opportunity, to rise again? They could put 70,000 men into the field as easily as the Cubans can 7,000.

Again. Why was it so wicked for England to acknowledge our rebels as belligerents, if it be so righteous, and in such perfect accordance with the law of nations, for us to acknowledge a comparative handful of Cuban rebels as belligerents?

Or does what is wrong and horrible and atrocious in others, become at once a perfectly just and proper and beautiful thing when practised by us?

Out upon such selfish blindness and hypocrisy!

The President justly says:—

The question of belligerency is one of fact, not to be decided by sympathies for or prejudices against either party. The relations between the parent State and the insurgents must amount, in fact, to war in the sense of international law. Fighting, though fierce and protracted, does not alone constitute war. There must be military forces, acting in accordance with the rules and customs of war, flags of truce, cartels, exchange of prisoners, &c., &c., and to justify a recognition of belligerency there must be, above all, a *de facto* political organization of the insurgents, sufficient in character and resources to constitute it—if left to itself—a State among nations, capable of discharging the duties of a State and of meeting the just responsibilities it may incur as such toward other powers in the discharge of its national duties.

Applying the best information which I have been able to gather, whether from official or unofficial sources, including the very exaggerated coloring which each party gives to all that may prejudice the opposite or give credit to its own side of the question, I am unable to see in the present condition of the contest in Cuba those elements which are requisite to constitute "war" in the sense of international law. The insurgents hold no town or city, have no established seat of government; they have no prize courts, no organization for the receiving or collecting of revenue, no seaport to which a prize may be carried or through which access can be had by a foreign power to the limited interior territory and mountain fortresses which they occupy.

The existence of a legislature representing any popular constituency is more than doubtful. In the uncertainty that hangs around the entire insurrection there is no probable evidence of an election of any delegated authority, or of any government outside the limits of the camps occupied from day to day by the moving companies of insurgent troops. There is no commerce, no trade, either internal or foreign, no manufactures.

But what is the hidden mainspring of all this Cuban movement in Congress? The President says—and he would hardly speak without good reason:—

During the whole contest the remarkable exhibition has been made of large numbers of Cubans escaping from the Island and avoiding the risks of war, congregating in this country at a safe distance from the scene of danger, and endeavoring to make war from our shores, to urge our people into the fight which they avoid, and to embroil this government in complications and possible hostilities with Spain.

It can scarcely be doubted that this last result is the real object of these parties, although carefully covered under the deceptive and apparently plausible demand for a mere recognition of belligerency. It is stated, on what I have reason to regard as good authority, *that Cuban bonds have been prepared to a large amount, whose payment is made dependent upon the recognition of the United States of either Cuban belligerency or independence.* The object of making their value thus entirely contingent upon the action of this government is a subject for serious reflection.

General Butler exhibited some of these bonds on the floor of the House—explaining that he had bought them at the rate of *fifteen* cents on the dollar. Of course if you scatter a large number of such bonds around, giving them away, or selling them at a merely nominal price, you will have a large number of advocates of—anything that will bring the value of the bonds to par.

Dr. Johnson, disgusted with the sham patriotism of his day, is said to have placed the following definition in his great dictionary:—

"PATRIOTISM. *The last refuge of a scoundrel.*"

And we who have heard so much talk of Patriotism within the last ten years which, analyzed, meant simply heavy bounties, big contracts, high military and civil position, fat offices, Irish contributions, and Cuban bonds, begin to agree with Dr. Johnson at least this far, that loud and constant professions of Patriotism are pretty sure proofs that a man is selfish, mercenary, and corrupt.

It is charged against President Grant's Message that, under the circumstances, it was not respectful to Congress. But Congress is acting in such a manner of late, that it is very difficult to preserve one's respect for it. We know that with all our own habitual moderation and humility, we often find it very difficult. But certainly it was better for the President to show a little want of respect for Congress, than to allow the country to be placed in a false position—a position which ultimately might lead to a foreign war. And the Constitution declares that the President "*shall*, from time to time, give Congress information of the state of the Union, and *recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.*"

We want no war—we want no more glory and bloodshed, and no more heavy taxation. It is not our business to right wrong all over the face of the earth. We have enough to do to attend to our own affairs—which at present are in no very admirable condition. With one-third of the Union discontented and rebellious in heart, for us to preach to other nations how wrong it is to hold people in subjection who wish to be independent, is certainly a height of impudence and assurance not often seen even in this very inconsistent world. And we want no more land, no more negroes, no more quarrels, no more taxes, but Peace, Economy, Good Government, and an United People!

A CORRECTION.

Grace Greenwood thus wittily corrects a false statement in "Harper's Bazar," as to her personal appearance:—

"A paragraph which you published many weeks ago, purporting to be a personal description of your humble contributor, is still going the rounds of the newspaper press. Is it too late for me to take exception to that little article, I wonder?

"The writer saw me, or some lady he took for me, in the gallery of the Senate, and proceeded to sketch me thus: 'Grace Greenwood is seen nearly every day in the Senate gallery, at Washington, looking quietly on. She is a brunette, with large, dark eyes, rather sharp-featured, a high brow, and just a suspicion of silver in the hair.'

"I own to the 'soft impeachment' of the brunette complexion, dark eyes, and high brow, but as for the sharp features—as my weight (not fighting) is 152 pounds—I don't see how they can sharpen much. But the head and front of Mr. or Mrs. Jenkins's offending is in speaking of my hair as betraying a 'suspicion of silver.' That is a base, unfounded suspicion of his or her own. My hair is a dark brown, almost black, and there is enough of it for all practical purposes. I have not yet had to borrow of the *Signoritas*, or the *Jungfraus*, or to take to the wood—Japanese. Wisdom and trouble might, indeed, by this time, have brought me gray locks, or a plentiful lack of dark, had I not fortunately, through an attack of malignant scarlet-fever, some three years ago, acquired a new crop of hair. It is not as luxuriant and glossy quite as Walter Scott's Fenella's, or as Tennyson's Lady Godiva's, but it *is* of the darkest shade of brown; and I propose to stand by that till I *dye*."

We almost hesitate to publish the above. Shortly after the newspapers published the fact that in Styria some of the inhabitants were in the habit of eating small quantities of arsenic to improve the complexion, we began to hear of deaths in this country from eating arsenic; and now that Grace bears testimony to the effect of malignant scarlet-fever in furnishing her with a new and glossy crop of hair, we expect to hear of certain foolish ladies running around to catch scarlet-fever in all pestilential directions.

But, upon second thought, this is no reason for not publishing such articles, but the reverse. The quicker such fools, whether men or women, kill themselves off, the better for the country. Therefore we say to all such, try arsenic for the complexion, and try malignant scarlet-fever for the hair; the world will profit by it if you do not; and probably you can do mankind more good underground—if you are not buried too deep—than above it.

NICE TIMES.

The Republican Party in this city has been making its nominations. What is called "The Ring"—according to the Republican papers—was generally successful. The various Conventions were not marked by any great degree of order and harmony—we like to put things as mildly as possible. In one Convention only five men were shot—and though three of them were "badly wounded," not one was killed! So things were not really as bad as they might have been, for all five might have been killed. This shows the good that sometimes comes from whiskey, by rendering the aim unsteady. When Republicans get to shooting their own fellow Republicans, it seems to indicate a want of proper brotherly feeling.

The Republican papers quote the nominations as generally "bad"—but not so bad as they might be. It will puzzle the Democracy to do worse as to some of the offices—but then last year, we remember, they showed wonderful capacity in this respect. There is no telling what they can do till they try.

So we go, in the cities. Brethren of the country, if you are going the same way, we are all going "over Niagara." But we hope you are able to manage things better.

We said, the other day, that a government of the people meant simply a government of the majority of the people. But if that majority is ruled in its turn by a majority, composed of its worst elements—then a Republican government, with universal suffrage, may practically simply be a government ruled by a little more than one-fourth of its voters, and that one-fourth the least intelligent and least trustworthy class in the land. This would not only be a class government, but a very poor class government.

LIFE OF DICKENS.

We are informed that Dr. Shelton Mackenzie is occupied in writing a Life of Charles Dickens, to be prefixed to a volume of his uncollected pieces, in prose and verse, which T. B. Peterson & Brothers announce for immediate publication. This volume, uniform with Peterson's well-known 12mo. edition of Dickens, will appear with as little delay as possible, will contain recollections, anecdotes, and letters, and will trace the entire literary career of the great novelist, from his first connection with journalism as a reporter, to its unexpected and lamented termination on the 9th of June, 1870.

PHRENOLOGY.

Carl Benz, in a recent number of "*Good Health*," says:—

How is it possible that, with so much thought and ingenuity, there is really so little common sense in men? Is it want of brain? Were we to take the brain of Shakspeare and that of the fashionable idiot, and place them together, we may safely challenge the anatomist to distinguish them. If, then, it is not the mass by which they are, or may be distinguished, it must be the *construction*. In this direction the busiest thinker was, in all probability, Blumenbach, whose collection of skulls in the Physiological Institute of Gottingen, continues to elicit the admiration of the student. Phrenology was one of the outgrowths of this study. *But since anatomy has shown that the form of the brain has no direct connection with that of the skull, and that it is isolated in its cavity as the compass is isolated from the motion of the ship*,—phrenology may be regarded not only as an exploded idea, but as a plaything for children, charlatans, hobbyists and fools.

Well, we live to learn. We had thought it was universally admitted that the form of the skull was in unison and harmony with that of the brain; and that therefore the form of the latter could be told by that of the former.

We had supposed that all anatomists admitted this. But as "*Good Health*" appears to be edited by medical gentlemen who know what they are talking about, we now suppose that we were mistaken.

Of course there is no use in arguing for or against Phrenology until this matter of fact be settled by the anatomists. What has the *Phrenological Journal* to say upon the question?

AN EMPHATIC NO.

Vermont always has had the reputation of being not only one of the most intelligent, but one of the most sensible and truly liberal of the States. And, in accordance with this honorable reputation, the members of its Constitutional Convention have voted upon the Female Suffrage Proposition with the following significant result:

For Female Suffrage,	1
Against Female Suffrage,	231

Very few Dead-Sea Apes in Vermont! And we advise the few that are there to emigrate to Wyoming.

Not every piece of nonsense that comes clamoring along in the name of Reform is Reform. Not everything that calls itself Progressive and Liberal is Progress and Liberality. It is the business of a sensible people to try the spirits, to test the Reforms; and if the spirits really be mischievous ones, and the Reforms simply Deforms, to give them their quietus as Vermont has the Female Suffrage nonsense.

ACTORS.

As we saw in imagination Gen. Banks, in the House of Representatives, growing eloquent and ferocious and terrible over the Cuban question, we thought, "Ah, general, so you are bound on another Red River expedition!"

And as we saw Gen. Logan tearing his passion to tatters, and drawing applause from the galleries (filled with Cubans), we said what a great thing oratory is! As Hamlet said of the player, who had been speaking his little piece:—

"Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? *And all for nothing!*
For he Cuba!
What's he Cuba to him, or he to he Cuba!"

AMERICAN CITIZENS IN CUBA.—Of course the government is bound to protect the rights of Americans in Cuba. But it must be remembered that this is rendered more difficult than usual by the course of certain of our citizens, who first violate our laws by taking the part of the insurgents, and then, if they get into a difficulty, appeal to the United States to protect them. A man should be above this meanness. He has a right to embroil himself if he chooses, but this gives him no right to embroil his fellow-citizens also. When an American goes into a foreign quarrel, let him make up his mind to take the consequences—and not squeal out like a miserable rat if he is caught in the trap.

EMANCIPATION.—One good result is coming from bad nominations—that is, the emancipation of the newspapers and their readers from the bondage of party. All our city newspapers are beginning to talk "right out in meeting," just as if they were independent and owned their own souls. That is about the only silver lining the dark cloud of corruption has.

PHILADELPHIA REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.—The City nominations are: Sheriff, William R. Leeds; Receiver of Taxes, Robert P. Beatty; Register of Wills, William N. Bunn; Clerk of Orphan's Court, Joseph C. Tittermary. For Judges of the Common Pleas Ed. M. Paxon and Thos. Finletter were nominated, and for Judge of the District Court James Lynd. The congressional nominations are: First District, Benjamin Huckel; Second, Charles O'Neill and John V. Creely, there being a split in the Convention; Third, Leonard Myers; Fourth, Wm D. Kelley. Fifth, Alfred Harmer has the Delegates from the Philadelphia portion of the District.

☞ Judge Hoar has resigned the position of Attorney-General of the United States, and Amos T. Akerman, of Georgia, been appointed, by the President, in his place.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GOETHE'S HERMANN AND DOROTHEA. Translated by ELLEN FROTHINGHAM. With Illustrations. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; and also for sale by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia. Many who have long wished to read this charming love story, will now have an opportunity through the excellent translation Miss Frothingham has furnished.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT. A Sequel to "Consuelo." By GEORGE SAND, author of "Consuelo," "Fanchon, the Cricket," etc. Translated from the French, by FAYETTE ROBINSON. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.; and for sale by all booksellers.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP; A Story of Domestic Life. By GRACE AGUILAR, author of "Home Influence." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

CONTARINI FLEMING. An Autobiography. By the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, author of "Lothair," "Henrietta Temple," etc., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

BRENZIE LANGTON. A Story of Fifty-two to Fifty-five. By HAWLEY SMART, author of "A Race for a Wife." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

WINNER'S NEW SCHOOL FOR THE VIOLIN. In which instructions are so clearly and simply given, as to make it unnecessary to require a teacher. For practice, more than 150 operatic and popular airs are added. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. For July. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. This number contains articles by Justin McCarthy, Anthony Trollope, and an interesting essay upon Evolution, by Mr. Edward D. Cope.

PUNCHINELLO. The large engraving of "The Blood-Money" is good. We copy the following:—

A Bavarian Princess has been announced as lecturing in this city on the "Equality of Women."

For "Equality of Women" read "Inequality of Women."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Maud Muller.—Move to Chicago and get a divorce. No doubt the Judge would take the hint.

*Algernon Sw*nb*rne.*—We are obliged to decline your contribution. The verses are very pretty, but the morals of our paper must be preserved.

*Susan B. Anth*ny.*—You are mistaken. Darwin nowhere mentions any process of natural selection by which a woman may in time become a man.

Hon. Benj. Disraeli.—The expression, "I will put a head on you," which you say Prof. G*ldw*n Sm*th uses in a cable dispatch to you, is merely a slang phrase which he has probably learned from his trainer.

Payne Collier.—There is more than one Irishman in Shakspeare. It appears from the text of *Hamlet* that he was on the most friendly terms with the "melancholy Dane," from the familiar way in which the latter addressed him.

Ham.—"Now might I do it, Pat." (*Hamlet. Act III., Scene III.*)

It is impossible to say now whether the Pat in question was a Fenian or not.

Jack Ketch.—We think that listening to a debate in the House of Representatives may fairly be considered the worst form of Capitol punishment.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES DICKENS.

The Remains Buried in Westminster Abbey.

LONDON, June 14.—At 6 A. M. to-day the remains of Charles Dickens were conveyed from his late residence, at Gad's Hill, by train to Charing Cross Station. There waited at the station a plain hearse, without the usual English trappings, and three plain coaches. In the first coach were placed the children of the deceased—Charles and Harry Dickens, Miss Dickens and Mrs. Charles Collins. In the second coach were Miss Hogarth, sister-in-law, and Mrs. Austen, sister of Mr. Dickens, Mrs. Charles Dickens, Jr., and John Forster. In the third coach were Frank Beard, Charles Collins, Mr. Owens, Wilkie Collins and Edmund Dickens.

The entire party were in deep but simple mourning, without bands or scarfs. There was no crowd at Charing Cross Station, and the procession was driven at once to Westminster Abbey, where his remains were received by Dean Stanley and other officials and placed in the "Poet's Corner," at the foot of Handel and at the head of Sheridan, with Macaulay and Cumberland on either side. The usual flowers were strewed upon the bier. Dean Stanley read the burial service, and the coffin was deposited in its final resting place, and the funeral of Mr. Dickens was ended. Upon the coffin-plate were inscribed the words:—

CHARLES DICKENS,
Born February 7, 1812,
Died June 9, 1870.

Thousands of citizens have crowded to the Abbey to look upon the spot where the great novelist rests.

Dean Stanley will deliver a sermon at Westminster Abbey next Sunday, on the death of Charles Dickens. Intense eagerness is manifested by the public to obtain places in the Abbey on the occasion. The grave of Dickens is entirely covered with flowers cast there by visitors who have thronged there since the burial.

☞ Six monthly parts of the "Mystery of Edwin Drood" are finished, and the rest of the story is so outlined as to leave its completion easy. "It is understood," the Times continues, "that Wilkie Collins undertakes the task."

☞ It is said there are about two hundred and eighty species of oak known to naturalists; of these, one hundred and sixty species belong to the Old World, and one hundred and twenty to the two Americas.

☞ The wearing of high-heeled shoes has compelled two Boston ladies to apply to the doctor for treatment for distortion of the feet.

☞ William Gilmore Simms, the well-known American author, died in Savannah on Saturday evening, aged 64 years. He was born in Charleston, and was of Irish extraction on the father's side.

Description of Florida.

A Sentence Eight Hundred Words Long.

An article in Lippincott's Magazine contains one of the longest sentences on record, consisting of over eight hundred words. The sentence in question is found in a well-written article on Florida, and, as it is somewhat of a curiosity, as well as a very good description of Florida, we append it:—

"I propose, then, to give my readers some description of this old yet still strange and wild country, that has been settled for three hundred years, and is not yet inhabited—a land of shifting sand and of deep mud—a land of noble rivers, that rise in swamps, and consist merely of chains of shallow lakes, some of them twenty miles long and twelve miles across, and only twelve feet deep—of wide, sandy plains, covered with solemn-sounding pines—of spots so barren that nothing can be made to grow upon them, and yet with a soil so fertile that 'if you tickle it with a hoe, it will laugh with an abundant harvest' of sugar, cotton, rice, and fruit—a land of oranges, lemons, pomegranates, pineapples, figs, and bananas, whose rivers teem with fish, its forests with game, and its very air with fowl; where everything will grow except wheat and apples; where everything can be found except ice; yet where the people, with a productive soil, a mild climate, and bountiful nature, affording every table luxury, live on corn-grits, sweet potatoes, and molasses; where many men possessing forty thousand head of cattle never saw a glass of milk in their lives, using only the imported article when used at all, and then calling it *consecrated* milk; where the very effort to milk a cow would probably scare her to death, as well as frighten a whole neighborhood by the unheard-of phenomenon; where cabbages grow on the tops of trees, and you may dig bread out of the ground; where, below the frost-line, the castor-oil *plant* becomes a large *tree* of several years' growth, and a pumpkin or bean-vine will take root from its trailing branches, and thus spread and live year after year; where cattle do not know what hay is, and refuse it when offered, so that the purchase of a yoke of oxen is not considered valid if the animals will not eat in a stable; and where in the mild winter, when the land grass is dried up, horses and cattle may be seen wading and swimming in the ponds and streams, plunging their heads deep under the surface to bite the water grasses and moss; where many lakes have holes in the bottom and underground communication, so that they will sometimes shrink away to a mere cupful, leaving many square miles of surface uncovered, and then again fill up from below and spread out over their former area; where some of them have outlets in the ocean far from shore, bursting up a perpetual spring of fresh water in the very midst of the briny saltness of the sea; where in times of low water, during a long, exhaustive dry season, men have gone underground in one of these subterranean rivers, from lake to lake, a distance of eight miles; where the ground will sometimes sink and and the cavity fill with water, until tall trees, that had stood and sunk upright, will have their topmost branches deeply covered; where rivers will disappear in the earth and rise again, thus forming natural bridges, some of them a mile in breadth; where, instead of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, there are two seasons only—eight months summer, and four months warm weather; where the winter is the dry season, and the summer almost a daily rain; where, in order to take a walk, you first wade through a light sand ankle-deep, and then get into a mud-puddle, and some of these mud-puddles cover a whole county; where no clay is found fit for brick making, and people build houses without chimneys; where to make a living is so easy a task, that every one possesses the laziness of ten ordinary men, and every one you wish to employ in labor says that he is tired, and would seem to have been born so; where agues would prevail if the people would take the trouble to shake; where a large orange-tree would bear seven thousand oranges—leaves, buds, blossoms, half-grown and full-grown fruit, all at once—and every twenty-five feet square of sand will sustain such a tree; where, in many parts, cold weather is an impossibility, and perpetual verdure reigns; where the Everglades are found, covering many large counties with water from one to six feet deep, with a bottom mud-covered, yet underneath solid and firm, from which grasses grow up to the surface—a sea of green, and with islands large and small scattered over the surface, covered with live-oaks and dense vegetation; where alligators, or 'gators, as they are called in Florida parlance, possess undoubted aboriginal rights of citizenship, and mosquitoes pay constant visits, and are intrusive and even penetrating in their attentions to strangers."

There must be accorded to the writer of this passage considerable skill in phraseology, as in no instance is the sense rendered ambiguous by the prolongation of the sentence. The phrases are short, apt, and disentangled.

PRIMITIVE.—A Southern paper tells of a man in the vicinity of Cedar Keys, Florida, who has twenty-two children living. The family subsist principally on fish and oysters. They have never had a plate nor a cup and saucer in ther house. In lieu of cups they use gourds and shells. They help themselves to the cooked fish or oysters from a common large dish, and each member of the family uses his or her own jack-knife for that purpose. Those articles of diet are spread on corn-bread, which they make themselves, and then they consume the plate as well as the food on it. In this way the washing of dishes is wholly obviated. The family are all healthy, but more robust than graceful.

☞ The late Lord Macaulay was renowned for his conversational powers. After his return from India, Sydney Smith said of him, "He is certainly more agreeable. His enemies might have said before (though I never said so,) that he talked rather too much; but now he has occasional flashes of silence that make his conversation perfectly delightful."

☞ When John C. Calhoun's body lay in state at Charleston, Colonel Sloan, of Columbia, took up a white rose from the profusion of flowers that lay upon the bier, carried it home, and planted a slip. It throve, and after four transplantings, is a fine large tree in Colonel Sloan's garden, and is called the "Calhoun rose."

☞ Laborers on an English railway lately found a thrush's nest under a rail, with the hen peacefully sitting on four eggs undisturbed by passing trains.

☞ Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Prince Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Patterson, died at his residence in Baltimore, on the 17th inst., aged 65. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Williams, died at the same residence two hours later.

☞ "There are three umbrellas," said little Nell. "The hat is one—the smallest; the umbrella is another; and the sky is the third—the greatest of them all—but also the leakiest."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—30,000 bbls superfine sold at $4,75@5,25; extra at $5@5,50; Northwest extra family at $5,75@7, the latter rate for choice Minnesota; $6,25@6,50 for Penna extra family; $6,25@6,50 for Indiana family; $6,25@7 for Ohio family, and $7,25@9 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye; 400 bbls at $5,25.

GRAIN—1500 bus prime Penna red sold at $1,40; 400 bus Delaware red at $1,40. Rye; 3500 bus sold at $1@1,05 for Western, and $1,08@1,10 for Penna. Corn; 27,000 bus Western mixed sold at 97c@1,03; 40,000 bus yellow at $1,05@1,07, and 2000 bus white at $1,07@1,08. Oats; 11,000 bus Penna at 61½c; 9000 bus Western at 60c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new Mess Pork at $20,50@21. Mess Beef at $21@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams are quoted at $24@26 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 19@21c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16@18c, and Shoulders at 13½@14c. Green Meats—Sales of 300 tcs Pickled Hams at 18@18½c; and Shoulders, in salt, 13c. Lard—Sales of 450 bbls and tcs at 16@16½c for steam and kettled rendered; kegs 17½c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 25@30c. Cheese—Sales at 14@15½c. Eggs sell at 23@24c ₩ doz.

COTTON—100 bales Middlings sold at 22c for Uplands, and 22½@22½c ₩ ₺ for New Orleans. Closing at 22@22½c ₩ ₺.

FRUIT—Dried Peaches and Apples—Sales of Apples at 5@6c, and Peaches at 7@8c for quarters, 8@9c for halves, and 17@20c for pared.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 16@22c and Wisconsin at 15@20c ₩ ₺.

IRON—There is very little doing; 1000 tons of No. 1 sold at $22@23; No. 2 is quoted at $21@21,50. In Scotch Pig we hear of no sales worthy of notice. Bar Iron is quoted at $77 ₩ ton.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 ₺s, $1,20@1,40; mixed do, $1,10@1,15; Straw, $1,20@1,35.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is dull at $7@8. Timothy at $7@8. Flaxseed at $2,25@2,35 ₩ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 10@10½ cts ₩ ₺. 200 Cows brought from $60 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—12,600 head were disposed of at from 5½@7c ₩ ₺. 2700 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 13,50 ₩ 100 ₺s.

SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH, with 4000 changes in spelling the name, sent, prepaid by mail, on receipt of 35 cents. Address C. T. WARE, 819 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. je25-6

Interesting to Ladies.

"I had used all the leading machines before I purchased a Grover & Baker, which I have used for the last seven years. I have not spent one cent for repairs during that time, and no other hands than mine have put it in order. For all kinds of work I think it the best family sewing machine in the market."—*Mrs. F. M. Fay, Fort Wayne, Indiana.*

Look at the Ruins.

Aye, look at the ruins of what once were magnificent sets of teeth, to be seen everywhere in society. Look at them, and ask yourself if it is not marvellous that such destruction is permitted, when, by simply using SOZODONT, any teeth, however fragile, may be preserved from decay or blemish as long as life lasts?

"SPALDING'S GLUE," useful in every house.

A Few Words of Weight.

"Do you mean to say, madam, that he has taken no other medicine?

This question was asked the other day in relation to a young man, "the only son of a widow," who was then rapidly recovering from a state of absolute prostration, occasioned by chronic indigestion. It was asked by a friend of the family of the invalid's mother, Mrs. Kiernan, 26 Abington Square, New York.

The medicine referred to was PLANTATION BITTERS, "I do mean to say it," replied Mrs. K.; "We had tried twenty other remedies before, without the slightest benefit; but we tried none afterwards, for the Bitters proved all sufficient."

The lady herself is the authority for this statement; and she further states her belief that the restorative in question is the best tonic and invigorator ever administered.

Twenty-five cents will buy a packet of SEA MOSS FARINE of your grocer or druggist, which, in ten minutes, will make sixteen quarts of Blanc Mange, Puddings, Custards, &c., &c.

"Skin Diseases." "Swayne's Ointment."

A sovereign remedy for all skin diseases, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Army Itch, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Blotches, Barber's Itch, Ringworm, Itching Piles, &c. No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail for 60 cents, postage paid. Address Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 6th st., Philadelphia. Sold everywhere. je25-cowtf

☞ Messrs. WANAMAKER & BROWN, of this city, claim to have the largest clothing house in America. Even New York, they say, cannot boast of an establishment like Oak Hall. We have purchased clothing there repeatedly, and been well suited as to cut and price. ap30-tf

"A Standard Remedy."

Such an article is *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment*. It has stood before the public for 28 years, and has never failed giving satisfaction in a single instance. Every drop of this valuable compound is mixed by *Dr.* Tobias himself, therefore, it can always be relied upon. It is warranted superior to any other for the cure of chronic rheumatism toothache, headache, sore throat, vomiting, frosted feet, mumps, croup, burns, cuts, sea sickness, insect stings, sprains, cholera, colic, spasms, dysentery, bruises, colds, coughs, old sores, swellings, pains in the limbs, back and chest. There is no medicine in the world that stands more on its own merits than the "Venetian Liniment." Thousands of certificates can be seen at the doctor's office, attesting to its rare virtues. Sold by all druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Price, 50 cents and one dollar per bottle. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. je1-1m

How to Look Young—Sixteen.

Don't paint or use vile hair restorers, but simply apply Hagan's Magnolia Balm upon your face, neck and hands, and use Lyon's Kathairon upon your hair. The Balm makes your complexion pearly, soft and natural, and you can't tell what did it. It removes freckles, tan, sallowness, ring marks, moth patches, etc.; and in place of a red, rustic face, you have the marble purity of an exquisite belle. It gives to middle age the bloom of perpetual youth. Add these effects to a splendid head of hair produced by the Kathairon, and a lady has done her best in the way of adornment. Brothers will have no spinster sisters when these articles are around. je1-1m

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co. sep4-1y

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 84 Front St., New York.

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or cherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul Charming. 400 pages cloth. Full instructions to use this power over men, or animals at will, how to mesmerize, become trance, or writing mediums, Divinations, Spiritualism, Alchemy, Philosophy of Omens and Dreams, Brigham Young's Harem, Guide to marriage, &c., all contained in this book, 100,000 copies sold. Agents wanted. For particulars address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & Co. 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia, Pa. my21-6m

The Living Machine.

Injure the main spring of a watch and every portion of the works becomes disordered. The human stomach is to the human system what that elastic piece of metal is to a chronometer. It influences the action of the other organs, and controls, to a certain extent, the whole living machine. The comparison may be carried further; for as the weakness or other imperfections of the main spring is indicated on the face of the time-piece, so also is the weakness or other disorder of the stomach betrayed by the face of the invalid. The complexion is sallow or faded, the eyes are deficient in lustre and intelligence, and there is a worn, anxious expression in the whole countenance which tell as plainly as written words could do, that the *great nourishing organ* whose office it is to minister to the wants of the body, and to sustain and renew all its parts, is not performing its duty. It requires renovating and regulating, and to accomplish this end HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS may be truly said to be *the one thing needful*. The broken main spring of a watch may be replaced by a new one, but the stomach can only be repaired and strengthened, and this is one of the objects of the famous vegetable restorative which for eighteen years has been waging a successful contest with dyspepsia in all climates. As a specific for indigestion it stands alone. When the resources of the pharmacopœia have been exhausted, without, at best, doing more than mitigating the complaint, a course of this wholesome and palatable, yet powerful, stomachic effects a perfect and permanent cure. In all cases of dyspepsia the liver is more or less disordered, and upon this important gland, as well as upon the stomach and bowels, the Bitters act with singular distinctness, regulating and reinvigorating every secretive and assimilating organ on which bodily and mental health depend. je4-1m

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black-worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions and Blotched disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. It contains no LEAD POISON. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Send for Circular. ap16-3m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Levy, GEORGE P. ROBINSON to Miss SARAH J. VARLEY, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. J. Hervey Beale, CHARLES B. RUDOLPH to P. IDA CARLIN, daughter of Frank M. Carlin, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. A. A. Willetts, Mr. EZRA SHERMER to Miss ANNA M. SANDS, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. S. O. Wiley, Mr. DAVID J. MCILHATTEN to Miss MARY PATTERSON, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Charles W. Deane, GEORGE W. HEINE to EUPORA, daughter of S. E. Merrihew, Esq., both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. W. J. Paxson, Mr. WILLIAM KELLY, of Wilmington, Del., to Miss MILCAH B. CARR, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th instant, MARY A., wife of Wm. Dowling, aged 27 years.

On the 14th instant, SAMUEL RUE, aged 72 years.

On the 14th instant, ROBERT B. DODSON, in his 65th year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM W. LESTER, in his 60th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. ANN ANDERSON, in her 72d year.

On the 13th instant, CATHARINE, wife of John Stewart, in her 58th year.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. HANNAH M., relict of the late John D. West.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. MARGARET U., wife of Jesse White, Sr.

On the 13th instant, ELIZABETH CASTLE, aged 64 years.

PROSPECTUS.

Easy Way to Get a Sewing Machine.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

☞ **Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines given as a Premium for 30 ☞ subscribers and $75.00, or 20 subscribers and $60.00.**

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

A Death in Battle.

The battle of Aliwal was fought on the 28th day of January, 1846. At one time, the Sikh cavalry had well-nigh captured Sir Harry Smith himself, who was obliged to shift his position in consequence. At this moment, an officer on his staff was struck down by a fragment of shell, which shattered his right thigh and hip-joint in a hideous manner. Some men of his troop, seeing him fall, obtained leave to run to his assistance, and in a few minutes he was on a stretcher, and being carried to the rear. The men were devoted to him, and they carried him through that dreadful field of slaughter with as much care as if conveying a baby in its cradle. When within a short distance of the staff-surgeon's tent, they came upon a private of the —th regiment, lying desperately wounded. The poor fellow looked up piteously and touched his cap, as he recognized his officer in agony on the stretcher. Captain C—— called to the men to halt, and to raise him up slightly; leaning over, he soon saw the nature of the soldier's wound, which was far less dangerous than his own.

"Lift me out," he said; "I can't move; "you lift me out; that'll do, gently—yes, that's broken too" (as they touched his spine.) "So—now carry him to the doctors; they can do nothing for me, not too late for *him* yet—just a little more so—(facing the enemy)—that's it."

"But, sir—" remonstrated one of the men.

"Be quick with *him*, then come back; I'm not likely to have left this," he added, with a slight smile.

The men did as ordered, and depositing the wounded trooper, they returned to Captain C——. He had not indeed left that, he lay facing the enemy still, and the playful smile with which he had addressed to them his last words, lingered yet on his face; but his troubles were over; victory or defeat were now alike to him, and he had left the field of strife for that peaceful world where dwell the spirits of the just made perfect.

The instances of men hopelessly wounded refusing to monopolize the doctor are by no means rare; and if the battle-field is sometimes the scene of outrages at which humanity shudders, it occasionally provides us with instances of unsurpassed heroism and self-sacrifice.

A Son of Henry Clay.

Theodore, eldest son of Henry Clay, recently died in Lexington Lunatic Asylum, after a long confinement. At thirty he was a promising lawyer, although he was not free from the imputation of being "wild." He had become deeply attached to a young lady of Lexington, who did not reciprocate his feeling, and by whom he was firmly but kindly repulsed when he began to show her special attentions. But the infatuated young man refused to be repulsed; he followed the lady in the streets by day, and haunted the neighborhood of her home by night, in an annoying manner, until it became evident that he was insane. Violent demonstrations soon proved the truth of this supposition, and it became necessary to send him to an asylum. Ample provision was made for him by his father, and for many years he was one of the most noted of the inmates of the asylum—his proud descent, his graceful manners, and his flow of conversation rendering him a marked object of interest. He labored under the hallucination that he was George Washington. At the occasional balls given to the inmates he was always exquisitely dressed in the style of his day, and was the beau *par excellence*. During all these long years, despite his general gentleness and cheerfulness of manner, he was restless and discontented, and required close watching, it never, in fact, having been considered prudent to allow him to go out into the grounds without attendants. About the year 1860 his condition began to grow worse, and he soon after became demented, continuing in hopeless idiocy until the day of his death. Two sons of Henry Clay yet survive him, T. H. Clay, ex-Minister to Honduras, now residing on his place, "Mansfield," near Lexington; and John M. Clay, the raiser of *Kentucky*, and one of the greatest turfmen living.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night—good-night!
The hour of parting brings the hour of dreams.
Be thy sleep calm and deep,
A spell of down on silken eyelids laid;
Between our pillows distance only seems,
And darkness is as a transparent shade,
And sweetest speeches silences inclose,
Like roses' perfume folded in the rose—
Growing intense as silence deeper grows:
Good-night!

Good-night—good-night!
These parting words are but a tender cheat:
For still we know that whether we may go
Beyond arm's-reach, or wide as worlds apart,
Together we shall throb at each heart-beat;
Thrilled by the same electric dart,
Shot from the arch-god's arched bow,
Through either bosom's wall of snow—
Forever and forever be it so!
Good-night!

MISSED HIM.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

Well, well! perhaps it was my fault—perhaps it was not. He was a clever fellow—ah! that he was. They asked me to catch him; I said I'd try. I wouldn't promise—no, I'd only say I'd try.

I tried. His offence was nothing—merely what is commonly called a "*Railway Plant.*" It succeeded though, and my gentleman was "wanted."

I made a grand hit when I nabbed his companion. He told me his haunts and his habits, but he wouldn't aid me in catching him. I determined to do it myself. I was a green hand then. No matter, I had the will. I found the way. He was to be at a tea-party on that Thursday night. I was invited. Shall I take two policemen in disguise and arrest him? No; all his friends would rescue him. I will go alone. I went. I left my little house—a four-roomed dwelling—at six. I locked the front door, and off I went to Mrs. Jones' tea-party.

It was the month of December. We had great fun at that tea-party. There was a gentleman there that I believed to be my man, despite the fact that, when I was introduced to him, I was informed he had just come from the Continent. We fell into conversation. He began to pump me. This was what I wanted. I was determined to play the simple, and tell him all he asked.

He stared hard at me. Perhaps he knew me—perhaps he did not. He was a peculiar man, with short black hair, a clean-shaved face (parish priests and pickpockets are alike clean-shaved—strange coincidence!) dressed in a suit of very light gray. He looked smart. I might safely have shouted "All hands to pump ship!" for he pumped in a most barefaced manner.

He asked me where I lived. I told him. I saw no use in deceiving him; besides, I had a little plan in view—I might invite him to my house, and pin him.

Had I any company? None. Any one else in the house? No. I was a bachelor; I preferred to live alone. And then, in the most quiet and insinuating way he asked me did I snoot? He did; he had been shooting lately—last week he was shooting in Suffolk. He went down there for a day or two. Ah! and I remarked in a very innocent way, looking up benignly at him, that I thought—that was, I understood—he had just come from the Continent.

He started. I pretended to be surprised, and he assured me, in fact, he had been to the Continent *since!* But about the shooting? No, I didn't shoot; I was timid about firearms; the sight only, I assured him, of a loaded gun made me tremble (pass me here, reader; there is a loaded gun always hanging over my chimney-piece in the parlor). Had I no firearms? He had a beautiful gun. No, I had none. Then he returned to the house question. Did I sleep on the ground floor? No. Where then? At the top of the house—it was two stories high. O! back or front? Back. He was very inquisitive, I thought; but I seemed to enjoy telling him all I could. He thought he was duping me, poor devil! Then he asked me, as if casually, did I approve of keeping money at home, or did I send it to the bank? I started. I began to think this was too good. No matter, I would go through with it. I had told him lies enough, why not tell another—ay, why not? I kept my money at home. Banks were unsafe; but I assured him I felt uneasy "just then," because I happened to have more than usual, and it wasn't mine. Five hundred pounds ready money, I think I told him. No; it was five hundred pounds "*in notes*"—ha! ha! ha! Five pence in coppers would have been nearer the mark. But no matter; poverty is no sin.

Yes, I kept it in the house; and he thought it strange I had no arms. Here I stopped him, and begged his pardon; I had arms. He turned pale; yes, *I had so.* What were they, might he ask? He might. My arm was a boiler-stick, with two ounces of lead let into the top of it. O! he seemed greatly relieved.

I told him the doors and windows had bolts on them, and were all barred—all but one. He pricked up his ears, and a faintly-murmured "Which?" led me on, and gave me hope. I thought it best to encourage him—all but one. The front window on the ground floor, I said, had no bar on the shutter. They had all bells, I told him. I had a bell. It was very safe. Thieves never think of getting into a house by the *front*, you know. And there was no area or garden. The door opened on the pavement. Yes, it was very safe—wasn't it? Yes, he thought it was. Then he talked about politics, etc.; and then he got up to go—so soon? and Mrs. Jones begged him to stay; and I begged him to give me a call some night, for—ah! really, he was very—that is, his company was very—ah! *very agreeable*,, ha! ha! ha! He was going my way, would I go with him? or would he wait for me? No; I would stay an hour longer at least, and then see the Misses Browne to their home. Ha! ha! ha! what a notion I had of it!

He thought me very simple, no doubt—he thought all I said was true. I often wonder, now, whether he ever suspected that the quiet individual who did not shoot or put his money in the bank, and slept in the house alone, and put bells on the doors and windows, was a detective, who would do his best to see him safely "in quod" before twelve hours were over. Ha! ha! we shall see what we shall see—so we shall.

He is gone. He shuts the hall door. He looks wildly about him, and then sets off in the direction of my lodgings. I am watching him from my window. O! I forgot to tell him. Ah! really I must go. Good evening, Mrs. Jones; ta ta! I will clap on my hat and follow him. I shall shut the hall door quietly and start in the same direction. Ha! I thought so.

There he is in the dark, round the corner. He does not think any one sees him. Here is a low wall—how handy! I'll just get behind it and watch him. His position is well chosen—no one can see him unless just where I am.

Look what he is at. Well, I'm blow'd! He pulls out a coat from goodness knows where. It is quite black. He puts it on over his other coats, and he even pulls off his trowsers. Ah! he has others on under them—they are black, too. And then he takes off his tall hat, and stows all his traps where the coat came from. His hat is replaced by a glengarry. Then out comes a great black beard and moustache, which are carefully adjusted. My yah! I wouldn't know him again.

Look again; he is examining something in his hand; it shines as he turns it over—it gives a faint click, click, as he holds it up. Ha! I thought so; it is a pistol. He puts it into his breast, and then looks about him. I creep closer to the wall. He does not see me, although he is coming this way. He passes me, and walks on. I whistle a tune, and step after him round the corner. I am coming up to him. He asks me the time. I tell him, and ask, did a gentleman in a light suit pass that way? Yes; he went up yon street smoking a segar—good-night, sir! Ha! ha! good-night! But surely he is following me! Yes, there can be no mistake about it. No matter, I will outwit him. I reach the corner—he is ten yards behind me, or more. I set off at a run down the street till I reach the next corner. Round it I fly. A glance backward—he has not entered the street yet. I enter a half-open door. The next minute I hear his steps; he is running for death and life, one would think. He reaches the corner, too, and stops. He is not a yard from me, and I am grinning at him through the door, which is about six inches open. He looks about him. He is at fault. "Blast him," he mutters, "I'll have him yet!" He sets off at a headlong speed along the street, and I saunter out quietly and follow him at an easy walk. I arrive at the corner. Heavens! he is coming down the street toward me. Yes, it must be he, although his beard and moustache are replaced by carroty whiskers, and he has a pea-jacket and a jerry hat! By what trick of slight-of-hand is this done? I cannot imagine. It must be he. He is filling his pipe. My house is just in advance; still he follows me.

I enter the house. Casually he glances up at the windows. I bolt the door. I hear him turn into the lane that goes up alongside the next house. I steal quietly into the front parlor, and leave the shutters open, and put back the window fastening. Then I go up-stairs to the back room. I light the candle. I don't draw down the blind, for reasons of my own. One glance at the lane. I thought so; there he is, staring at the house. I can see him: the lamp is not far off. I draw back out of sight, and taking my revolver out of the drawer I put fresh cartridges therein, and slip it into my pocket. Then I go up to the window again, with my night-cap in my hand. I stare into the glass while I adjust it. I am full in the glare of the candle-light; I am sure he sees me. Then, quietly drawing down the blind, I extinguish the light, and pull it (the blind) a little on one side to look out. See! he is running round to the front again.

I steal down-stirs; I creep into the parlor. I thought so; some one at the window. Slowly and silently the sash is lifted and the blind pushed back; the next moment a man enters the room. It is he!

He pulls out his pistol, cocks it, and lays it on the table. Then he pokes his head out under the blind, and glances up and down the street. Apparently satisfied, he withdrew his head, and then feels his way to the fireplace; he is going to strike a match.

I quietly put out my hand and grip his pistol. I stealthily draw myself up and face him. He strikes the silent match; gradually it brightens up. His back is toward me. He lights a candle and turns round.

He does not start, but turns white as a sheet. I am facing him, covering him with my revolver and his own pistol. For a moment we glare at each other. He mutters, "No firearms, eh?" and I hiss, "Surrender!" A moment, and the candle-stick is dashed in my face. There is a flash, a report—another! He dashes at the window. Now I see why he left it open. I rush madly forward. A heavy blow descends on my face. I stagger back, only for a moment. I start up and take down the gun; in an instant I am standing in the street. He is fifty yards away. I fire one barrel, then the next—of course I miss—and there I stand crestfallen at my window, while the neighbors gather round. "Thieves!" says one. "The ruffians!" cries another; while a third eyes me calmly, saying, "You've missed him, master."

A pistol for my trouble. "I have missed him!" I never saw him again.

French Ingenuity.

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—"As new potatoes are just about to make their appearance on our tables, it may be of interest to those of our readers who have a partiality for those vegetables, to know how they are manufactured in Paris. Old potatoes, the cheapest and oldest that can be obtained, are purchased by the *rafistoleurs de pommes de terre*, as they are called, who carry their property to the banks of the Seine, a good supply of water being necessary. The potatoes are then put into tubs half filled with water; then they are vigorously stirred about by the feet and legs of the manufacturers, who roll up their trowsers and stamp on the raw potatoes until they have not only completely rubbed off their dark skins, but have also given them that smooth and satin-like appearance which is so much appreciated by gourmands. They are then dried, neatly wrapped in paper, and arranged in small baskets, which are sold at the Marchands de Comestibles for five francs apiece. The oddest part of the whole business is that the *rafistoleurs* make no secret of their trade, and may be seen at work near the Pont Louis Philippe, within sight of the Hotel de Ville."

☞ An Englishman is about to open a large hotel in Rome. He intended to call it the Hotel Byron, but the authorities objected, on the ground that Byron was an atheist; at the same time they intimated that he might call it the Shakspeare, or the Newton, or, better still, the Bucket Hotel. He has not yet made his choice among these designations.

COMING.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."

"It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of my feet;
Therefore I tell you: Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed:
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill,
And my morning-star is fading, fading
Over the hill:
Behold I say unto you: Watch;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done;
But remember that *I* may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
Forevermore:
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come."

So he passed down my cottage-garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum-tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage-door,
And lift up His hands in blessing—
Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall;
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering and wondering
When He would come back for me;
Till I was aware of an angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden-gate—
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)—
And he paused before the door,
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come.

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know he is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door and ask
If He is come;
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come."

☞ The very latest thing in the advertising line is a lady who, through the newspapers, seeks for employment as an "ornamental guest." She will assist at dinner or evening parties—by her grace, and wit, and beauty, contributing to the entertainment of guests, and she will do everything in the highest style of art—only she demands that a handsome compensation be made therefor.

☞ The congregation at a church in Madison, Ga., were startled on Sunday week by a colored man trying to cut his throat with a jack-knife. The would-be suicide said he was driven to the act by the inordinate length of the sermon. Preachers beware!

Is Tight-Lacing Injurious?

FROM THE LONDON PUNCH.

A meeting of fine ladies was held the other evening at Phillis's Rooms, in order to discuss this interesting question. In virtue of possessing the most fashionable figure, her waist only measuring fifteen inches and three-quarters, Miss Wasps by acclamation was voted to the chair.

In opening the proceedings the Chairwoman remarked that, as her breath was rather short, she would beg to be excused from making a long speech. ("Hear!") Fashion, they all knew, was omnipotent with ladies, and, now that fashion had revived the custom of tight-lacing, ladies were obliged to cultivate a fashionable figure. They might not all arrive at the perfection she had herself attained (Cries of "Question!" and "We'll try, dear!") The advantage of acquiring so slim a waist as hers was only to be gained by hours and hours of actual torture. (Sensation.) *Mais il faut souffrir pour etre belle;* and if they did not mind a few fainting-fits at first, followed by continual debility and headache, many ladies might enjoy the pleasure of possessing a waist not much exceeding the dimensions of her own. (Cheers.)

Miss Pinch said her experience entirely agreed with that of the fair Chairwoman, though, unhappily, her suffering had not yet been rewarded by the rapture of obtaining quite so fashionable a figure. Still, her waist barely exceeded eighteen inches and a half (shudders); and she hoped, by perseverance and a good strong lady's-maid, to reduce it before long to more genteel dimensions. (Applause.)

Miss Lacelove said she also had suffered much from headache since she wore tight stays, and once or twice had fainted at the dinner-table. Her doctor had told her she was ruining her health; but she didn't mind her doctor while she obeyed her dressmaker. ("Brava!")

Miss Gasper would like to ask, what could doctors know about it? They didn't wear stays, did they? How, then, could they tell what ladies suffered from tight-lacing?

Mrs. M. Bonpoint observed that, although she tried her utmost, she could not reduce her waist to less than nineteen inches. ("Poor, dear!") Even this, however, made her wretchedly uncomfortable; and after eating a good dinner she was frequently obliged to have her laces cut, to save herself from fainting. Her doctor tried to frighten her, by talking about fatty something of the heart, which often had proved fatal. But she would rather die a martyr than dress out of the fashion. (Applause.)

Miss Wheyface said she feared that by acquiring a small waist she had injured her complexion. Her nose was getting red now, and her cheeks were pale and pimply. Some one had told her this was owing to impeded circulation. But she was consoled by having a fashionable figure.

Miss Tucker said the worst of wearing a tight dress was that it sadly took away one's appetite. Since she had reduced her waist, she could not eat one-half of what she used to do. (Sensation.) Now, this was a great misery, for she was fond of eating. Still, she had rather give up her custards than her corset. (Cheers.)

Miss Gosling thought it was not lady-like to eat much. Rude health was a most unfeminine possession. A person to be fashionable should be always rather delicate; and nothing insured this so nicely as tight-lacing.

Miss Lazie remarked that another of its benefits was, that it prevented any muscular exertion. To lie upon a sofa and read novels all day long, was her idea of almost perfect earthly happiness; and, as tight-lacing unfitted her for any useful work, she had borne like a martyr the torture it had caused her.

Miss Waddler said she could not walk well in her stays, they made her feel so stiff and wooden. But her waist looked well on horseback, though she never dared to venture at more than a foot-pace, for her habit was so tight that she could hardly breathe when trotting.

Miss Prancer observed that, much as she loved dancing, she had found it impossible to waltz in her new ball-dress. She felt so squeezed and faint that the utmost she could do was to walk through the square dances. ("Poor thing!") In consequence she had lost a number of nice partners, and that odious Miss Whirler had sadly cut her out, although her waist was nearly two feet in circumference. (Shudders.)

Mrs. Wiseman said her husband would not let her wear stays. (Sensation and cries of "What a wretch!") and she would advise young ladies to leave off lacing tightly if they wished to get good partners. Men loved healthy wives far better than small waists, ("Gracious goodness!") and no one but a fool would link himself for life with a woman in bad health, however she might pride herself on having a fine figure. ("Question!") She would propose a resolution:—

"That this meeting, being satisfied, from most abounding evidence, that tight-lacing is injurious to happiness and health, will do its very utmost to discourage and discountenance so barbarous a fashion."

Here several ladies, interposing, began all to speak at once, and hence ensued a scene of violent excitement. Many of the fair combatants fainted from exhaustion; and it was not until a number of corsets had been cut, that the sufferers were able to be taken to their carriages.

That Duster.

Queer things sometimes happen in the dark, as witness the following: A gentleman took passage on the Boston express from New York a short time since. Just as the train was entering the Harlem tunnel he opened his hand-bag and took out, as he supposed, his linen duster, spread it over the back of his seat to reserve it, and then went forward to the smoking-car. After finishing his cigar he returned to his seat, and as he entered his car, was astonished to find the passengers bent double with laughter over some unwonted spectacle. Looking around for the cause of this unseemly levity, his eye fell upon, not the linen duster which he supposed he had left, but, horror of horrors! upon his nightshirt luxuriously spread out over the entire seat. He picked up his linen and—dusted.

☞ In Paris, a workman, drinking with a companion, offered to bet that he could kill him with a single blow of his fist. The bet was accepted, and the blow dealt, and the man fell dead.

☞ Why have widows a right to flirt? Because the Bible says the widows mite.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

BY HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

To-night, in the purple twilight,
I fold up my hands to rest,
And the care and fret of the work-day
Have all died out of my breast,
As the golden splendor of sunset
Is dying out of the West.

I seem, in the softened gloaming,
To stand on an upland height—
Far above the vales of use and wont,
And the field of the daily fight
Is calm, while the men rest on their arms
In the evening's dreamy light.

How far below, from the heights of life,
Seem the glories of every day;
How small the cares, how poor the hopes,
That fill up the dreary way;
How the joys lose their thrill, the pains their pang,
And the terrors their dismay.

How near heaven seems, on the heights;
It is far, on the plains below,
So far, it is dim, and hazy, and faint,
And loses its glory and glow,
Till we sometimes deem it a mere mirage,
Between the above and below.

But if once you have been on the heights,
And looked through the crystal air,
It is easier then, when back in the depths,
To fight with doubt and care.
Though the vision is lost, we know it was ours—
To recall it is a prayer.

The Dream of Gertrude Lisle.

[We give the following story, not only for its interest, but because we have reason to believe that it correctly represents the social distinctions which prevail in English society. In the United States, although "Wholesale" looks down upon "Retail," such incidents could hardly occur in real life, among other than very worldly or selfish people.—*Editor Saturday Evening Post.*]

CHAPTER I.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Some years ago, when Bath occupied a much more important place in the estimation of the fashionable world than it does now, and when few, save the aristocracy, or, as the advertisements express it, the "nobility and gentry," ventured on a six weeks' sojourn there, those frequenting the city may remember one of its visitors a fine portly dame of the name of Howard, who was one of the gayest in that gay place. If the reader can so far carry back his memory, he will have little difficulty in bringing her to his mind, for she was to be observed everywhere; in the rooms and at the theatre, in the promenade and at evening soirees—a pleasant, gossiping, feather-decked, satin-wearing woman; vastly partial to her three daughters, and strongly suspected to be on the look-out for means by which they might be taken off her hands; for they were expensive girls, and the marriage of one or two of them would not have been an unwelcome event. Mrs. Howard was of very good family, and her jointure was large, but an extravagant rate of living wholly absorbed it; so there was little fortune for her daughters. People persisted in making offers to Caroline—Caroline the beautiful, as she was sometimes called—the only one to whom they were of no avail. *She* was appropriated, in intention at least, to her rich East Indian cousin, who was now superintending the decorations of his newly-purchased seat, preparatory to welcoming her there as his bride. He was forty years her senior, and she neither loved him nor disliked him; she was willing enough to marry him, and when asked by her acquaintance what she thought of him, answered that he was a pleasant old man.

Well, reader, if you remember Mrs. Howard, do you also recollect, the last winter that she visited Bath, a young man named Lisle making his appearance there? Handsome, very gentlemanly, apparently rich, Mr. Lisle was set down as *somebody*, and praised and courted. His horses were the handsomest, his gloves the whitest, his bachelor equipage the newest in all Bath. He was silent as to his family, but others talked for him—he was a nobleman in disguise or a prince incog. He had therefore speedily, without effort on his own part, the entree to many of the best circles, and among others to the house of Mrs. Howard. Well-read and accomplished, he was a frequent and welcome visitor, and week after week passed on, till gossips began to whisper that he sought a wife there. This gentleman was seen but that one winter—he came and he went; and nobody knew who he was or what he was: but if you will listen to me I will tell you about him, and give you a line or two—it will be little more—of his subsequent history.

"Caroline," began Mrs. Howard, as she seated herself at the breakfast-table by the side of her daughter, "I was *incensed* last night at that dispute in the rooms about you. Lord Maybury was evidently in the right, yet you chose to decide in favor of Mr. Lisle, and in such a manner as to draw the eyes of the whole room upon you."

"Caroline makes herself very absurd," observed Miss Margaret Howard, petulantly pushing, instead of handing, her sister's tea to her, thereby spilling some of it on the cloth.

"To be sure she does," was the reply of Mrs. Howard. "Caroline is engaged—will soon be a wife; and yet she manages to attract the whole notice of Mr. Lisle, as much so as if she were on the point of marrying him. We know not who Mr. Lisle is; neither can I inquire while his attentions are engrossed by Caroline: were one of you their object I should make a point of doing so. Pray, Caroline, how do you suppose Sir Mark Howard would approve of this great intimacy?"

"I am not married to Sir Mark yet," pouted the blushing girl, whose extreme beauty had caused her to be spoiled and humored by her mother.

"But you will be. Were Mr. Lisle dying for you, and ten times as rich as Sir Mark, it would be of no avail; for to Sir Mark you are promised, and Sir Mark you must marry: and this I shall hint in a very plain manner to Mr. Lisle to-day."

Caroline did not answer. Indifferent to Sir Mark as she formerly was—indifferent she remained; but, alas! the true, earnest love of her young heart was now given to Mr. Lisle.

"My mother is in such a fume and a fret!" exclaimed Eliza Howard, darting into the room, some weeks subsequent to the above conversation. "I don't believe she'll ever be right again."

"What is the matter?" demanded Margaret and Caroline.

"About Mr. Lisle. It's quite horrible."

"What has happened to him?" gasped Caroline, rising from her seat as if electrified.

"Happened to *him*, indeed! I've no patience with it! And to bring it out so coolly to mamma, saying he thought she knew it from the first; and that Caroline did, if she did not."

Caroline sank on her chair again, and covered her face with her hands.

"What has he done?" inquired Margaret.

"A fellow to come and palm himself off for a gentleman!—to get into society—to dine with us—to dance with us! He deserves transportation. A man has been hung for a less crime."

"Explain yourself, Eliza. Is Mr. Lisle not a gentleman?"

"A gentleman! Pray, Margaret, don't insult that appellation by coupling it with Mr. Lisle."

"Who is he then?"

"A shopkeeper."

"A what?" ejaculated Margaret, whilst Caroline sprang from her seat, horror painted in every line of her countenance.

"A retail tradesman—A SHOPKEEPER!"

"What are you doing with Caroline?" demanded Mrs. Howard, perceiving, as she entered the room, that the latter was extended on the sofa, and her sisters were chafing her hands. "Is she ill?"

"Oh, this is dreadful!" whispered Margaret, leaning upon her mother's arm, as she burst into tears.

"What ails you, children?" cried Mrs. Howard in terror; for she saw there was something terrible to be told. "Has any ill happened to Caroline?"

"She has fainted now; but in the excitement of this discovery she confessed all."

"Confessed what, Margaret?" returned Mrs. Howard, scarcely above her breath.

"That she is privately married to Mr. Lisle."

* * * * * *

Alas, how sad, that going to her husband's home! Turned from her mother's door, all communication with her sisters forbidden, she had no one to lean upon but him. It is true she loved him; but that love was not strong enough to break down old prejudices and all-powerful pride. He had told her he was in trade, ere she took that unpardonable and irrevocable step of uniting herself to him; but she cared not: *her* ideas of trade ran upon rich bankers and powerful merchants. And the graceful, aristocratic girl, who might have married and moved in her own sphere, visited at court, led the fashions, rolled in wealth, and passed her days in elegant insolence, was now the wife of a shopkeeper, even, as her sister had said, a shopkeeper in a country town.

CHAPTER II.

She stood, beautiful as the scene she gazed on, at the western window of the small but elegant villa which had been her childhood's home, watching that golden sunset. A full, brilliant hue was cast upon all; clouds of crimson and purple, edged with a narrow streak of gold that glittered to the eye, floated in masses around, dazzling the world with their refulgence of light. Presently a change came on, and a soft rose-color was thrown out, falling on the sweet face of Gertrude Lisle, and increasing, if possible, its inexpressible loveliness.

There was a deal of superstition in the imaginative mind of that dreamy girl, and she raised her eyes to Heaven and clasped her hands, half in prayer, half in thankfulness; for the unusual beauty of the evening seemed an omen that told of the success of her cherished dream.

"Are you counting the stars, Gertrude?" suddenly demanded, in a gay, careless, voice, an elegant young man who had entered the room hastily. She knew the tones well—they were dearer to her than any she had yet heard or ever would hear. Before she turned, William Ricard had clasped his arms round her; and drawing her beautiful face to his bosom, kissed her repeatedly.

They stood together, watching the night's beauty, long, long after every ray of the sun had passed away; conversing eloquently on many subjects, for both were gifted with unusual intellect. The worlds above, literature, the topics of the day, and *love*; all found words, and words of deep interest.

But happy hours quickly glide away; and Mr. Ricard, with honeyed words of passion and a whispered blessing, left her for the night.

Gertrude stole into another sitting-room, the windows of which looked upon the road, that she might watch him as he left the house. Tall, agile, and graceful, his step was quick and light, and he was soon removed from her eager sight. With a deep sigh, she turned away and, calling for a light, took it, and proceeded quietly upstair; trying the door of her mother's dressing-room. It was fastened.

"Well, what is it?" demanded a querulous voice from the inside. The voice—but ah! how altered in expression!—of the once fascinating Caroline Howard.

"Will you not come down, mamma? The supper has been on the table some time."

"I don't want any supper: take it by yourself, Gertrude."

"At least let me come in and give you a light, mamma."

"What nonsense are you thinking of?" replied Mrs. Lisle, opening the door; "I have had lights these two hours."

Mrs. Lisle sank again on her sofa, and resumed the employment from which her daughter had interrupted her—novel reading.

Gertrude stood for a few minutes unheeded, till her mother, raising her eyes to look for her smelling-salts, addressed her.

"I told you to go and take your supper, Gertrude. You may bring me a glass of wine and a piece of cake—is there any cake left?"

"I think not," answered Gertrude. "But a small piece, I am sure, if any."

"Then let another be made to-morrow: remember to give the orders yourself, in case I should forget it. Part of a captain's biscuit will do for me to-night; or a bit of bread. And let the tray go away when you have finished: your father, I suppose, will come in as usual—in no fit state for supper or anything else."

Gertrude carried the glass of wine and biscuit to her mother, taking the same refreshment herself. She then entered her own bed-room: and, putting out the candle sat at the open window in the bright moonlight.

Gertrude was alone; but what mattered it?—*she* lived not in the present but in the future. She was not like other girls. Her very childhood had been lone and sad, and until she loved William Ricard she had scarcely known any description of enjoyment. She had been permitted to have no companions. The town they lived in was what is called an aristocratic one, as all cathedral towns are; and her father was but a tradesman in it. As a matter of course, Gertrude was excluded from the higher grades of society, and with any other her mother would have thought it contamination to mingle. Mr. Lisle was rich for his station. The only child of wealthy parents, he had received the education of a gentleman; he was one in person and manners. But of what avail was that? he was inadmissable in that exclusive society which alone would have been acceptable to his wife. From her very infancy had Gertrude been fostered in the lap of luxury and pride, and in ideas far more exalted than her position warranted. Taught by her mother to look upon trade and tradespeople with contempt, that her true rank ought to have been a high one, the sensitive girl saw, with a bitterness of feeling that few can imagine, *that she was looked down upon by her own rank*—by those whom she had been brought up to consider but her equals. With only one family had she been suffered to associate, and that but slightly. The widow of an officer of sufficient rank to suit Mrs. Lisle, and sufficiently poor to bar her entrance into society, had settled in Patterstone; and with this lady's children had Gertrude mixed. But she was a quiet, sad girl, and seemed ever happier with her books and studies than at play. Frequent disputes occurred between Mr. and Mrs. Lisle; for when the first rapture of love had worn away, Caroline awoke with a painful consciousness of her fallen position; and recriminations loud and deep which were to end but with their lives, passed from one to the other. The unhappy, sensitive Gertrude would shrink tremblingly from the room, and weep in silence and terror.

But sad as were her outward circumstances, Gertrude Lisle had that within which could cast a halo of light round the darkest fate—genius of the highest order. Gifted with great imagination, a remarkably retentive memory, and unusual intellectual capacity, she had every requisite for becoming an author, and an author of no mean deserts. Writing was with her a passion.

Often from early childhood would she steal to her own room, and with a pencil and a sheet of paper, write tales—which she afterwards read to herself with inexpressible delight. No one suspected this; for the extreme sensitiveness which characterised her prevented her disclosing her talent to any one. So she grew up; her passion for composing and her power increasing with her years. Her reading had been miscellaneous; bad and good, but sufficiently extensive. She was not so inexperienced as most girls are at her age, for independently of her deep thought and care, she had been her mother's travelling companion at different times to various parts of the Continent. Greatly attached to her father, she saw with sorrow that he had gradually become the victim of a vice, the very name of which, as a habit, gave her terror, and she knew that it was caused by her mother's treatment of him. Mr. Lisle generally left home about ten in the morning for his place of business, and formerly had returned punctually in the evening at the dinner-hour: latterly, he had come home at all hours of the night—*intoxicated*.

Pale and sad, Gertrude seemed to live but in sorrow. Little consolation had she indeed for her portion, save the proud consciousness of her talent, and the delight derived from its secret employment.

But how was all changed when she became acquainted with Mr. Ricard! it was like passing from night into day. It may easily be conceived how intensely a woman, possessed of the traits of character peculiar to Gertrude, would love, when the passion was once called forth. Her very life was altered; and her days, which had scarcely given rise, apart from her own thoughts, to a happy moment, were now blissful as those of paradise.

Yet there were times when drawbacks to this felicity presented themselves to her mind. William Ricard said he loved her, and she thought he told her true; but the painful idea, that he too looked down upon her, recurred perpetually. To his family she was not admitted: they passed her in the street, though aware of William's intimacy with her, as one unnoticeable and unknown.

Her writings were very various—the novel, the historical romance, essays, and short tales; all, however, bore the indelible stamp of genius. Ah! Gertrude Lisle was despised by the frothy butterflies of the world, but the conviction that she was in reality so far above her self-thought superiors—that the time might come when they would bow down to her talents, and be proud to call her friend, was ever present to her soul.

For months, nay years, had she brooded upon the possibility of publishing; anonymously at first, until her writings should be known and appreciated;—her fame in the mouths of men. Then would she declare herself; and the despised trade-man's daughter be courted and recognized in society, as one who, from her genius no less than through her maternal ancestors, had a right there; and William Ricard should own she was worthy even of him. Oh, this hopeful dream—the dream of fame, of appreciation—how blissful, how thrilling it was! And what would it end in?

After much communing with herself, Gertrude had written to one of the first publishers in London, with great timidity and without giving her name, asking if they would take her work—one that she named. To this letter she was expecting an answer, and hope and fear alternated in her breast.

She sat, as we have said, at the window in the moonlight; visions of fame in future ages floating through her intense thoughts like flashes of light, even as the white, fleecy clouds above floated in the firmament.

Anxiously she watched, but some hours elapsed ere the appearance of a dark rolling mass, falling rather than walking up the gravel drive of the house, gave notice of the return of her father. Gertrude opened her chamber door, and crept partly down the stairs, ready to afford assistance, lest his helpless situation should cause a fall or any other accident. She did not dare go down and show herself, for when in liquor he was sometimes violent and abusive in the extreme. The once handsome, intellectual young man, how was he altered! but fearful must have been the change in his state of mind to drive him to such a course:—people may well talk of the misery that arises from unequal marriages. He managed, unassisted, to reach his chamber, and Gertrude re-entered hers.

A short period elapsed. Gertrude walked daily to the library, where she had directed an answer from the publisher to be sent. At length it came—it was there; the shopman gave her the letter; and with trembling hands and a flushed cheek she took it, and turned towards home again.

As she was leaving the library William Ricard came up. He was walking a little way by her side, when his sisters unexpectedly encountered them. With a haughty toss of the head and a contemptuous look, the Misses Ricard passed her, taking not the slightest notice of their brother, although he raised his hat to a lady who was with them. His face flushed greatly, as did Gertrude's; and in a somewhat confused, hasty manner he wished her good morning, and left her.

She was in her own room; she held the letter in her hands. It was a formidable one to appearance, with an imposing seal—a great coat-of-arms, or something that looked like it.

How she trembled! was that letter to be the realization of her hopes? Her fingers quivered so that she could scarcely break the seal.

London, August 10th.

"MADAM,—In reply to the communication with which you have favored us, we regret to say that an unusual multiplicity of business prevents our having the honor of publishing the work, which under other circumstances we might have been happy to do; and remain,

"Madam,

"Your most obedient servants,

"SETFORTH & GETALL."

Gertrude sat gazing on the letter, the pulsation in her heart stopped, and the drops of perspiration gathered on her brow.

Again she sat that evening by the western window, William Ricard alone her companion; for her mother, especially of late, chose to pass most of her time in her own room.

He seemed restless and uneasy; not sitting quietly by Gertrude as of yore, engaged in conversation interspersed with a few precious endearments, but was pacing the room with uncertain steps; sometimes answering Gertrude's remarks, but mostly remaining silent.

The converse had turned upon the subject ever uppermost in her thoughts: the greatest of all God's gifts—genius.

"But what would you think," she demanded, continuing the conversation in a hushed tone, "of one, gifted with all its attributes, whose power was reverenced by the world, worshipped by the herd; suppose this were a woman, and, apart from her talents, you loved her?"

"Gertrude!"

"But suppose she were of ignoble blood; one whose birth did not entitle her to mingle with your class—who never had mixed with them—could you marry her then?"

"Where she a daughter of the meanest kind," he answered with enthusiasm, "yet gifted as you describe, I should be proud if she would consent to be my wife. Genius is the only attribute which can so ennoble its possessor, as to set aside and render worthless the distinctions of the world."

Her heart throbbed at his reply, and she bent her head downwards, the enthusiasm of hope realized lighting her cheek. She leaped in anticipation the barrier of time and difficulties; and thoughts of future triumphs, crowned by love, came fast in all their fascination.

"But we have been imagining fiction, Gertrude," interrupted her lover; "we must descend to stern reality. I—I—came this evening to—break—some—news to you—to bid you farewell."

"Where are you going?" she inquired, startled from her imaginings.

"Not anywhere."

"I do not understand you, William. Are you about to leave Paterstone?"

"Not at present, that I know of."

"I thought you said you were come to bid me farewell," she answered, drawing a long, relieved breath.

"So I did—so I am. But I am not going away."

Gertrude sank back on her chair; a dread, like the sickness of death, had fallen on her soul.

"I have loved you, truly, Gertrude; I do still; but I have not a shilling, save the inheritance at my father's death. And this he will deprive me of, unless I give you up."

He stopped, but she did not speak; her very brain was whirling.

"God in heaven bless you, Gertrude, my love," he murmured, when he stood up to bid her farewell, and clasped her passionately to his bosom; "this is painful to me as to you—*believe so:*—but I had no alternative. I shall never love again as I have loved you."

The servants found her on the floor insensible, and many months elapsed ere she strove to lift from her heart one shade of the misery that consumed her.

CHAPTER III.

Years had passed; and once more Gertrude Lisle stood watching the sunset, but under very different circumstances from those in which we have last seen her. She was now an orphan, poor and friendless. Her father's vices and her mother's extravagance had dissipated the fortune that ought to have descended to her; the former died in debt, and some of his trade liabilities had never been satisfied. The elegant villa, the only home she had ever known, had been torn from her; its furniture sold, and its establishment dispersed. Beyond the small cottage she now inhabited, which had been settled upon her by a relation, she had but a trifling annual sum, much to small to subsist upon, although she required but little.

William Ricard was by her side as of old. His father, too, had gone to his account, and the former portionless young man was now the owner of considerable wealth. Did he visit Gertrude as her lover, now that he was his own master? No. When misfortunes came upon her family he had sought them as a friend, and as such he had continued to visit her. Perhaps he was yet in heart her lover; but he was greatly alive to the importance of the position he held in society, and unwilling to take a step that would lessen it. And Gertrude, did she still love him? She did; deeply, passionately, enduringly as she had ever done. It was an afternoon in November, pleasant and bright for the season, but the shades of evening were now drawing in.

"I cannot imagine why you persist in this journey, Gertrude," exclaimed Ricard, at length, after some time had been spent in silence.

"I *must* go," she answered.

"At least, tell me your motive," he resumed.

"You shall know when I return."

Earnestly he urged her; and the entreaty of love—did it ever fail? Encouraged by the gloom of evening, which hid the blushes of her cheeks, her secret was revealed to him. The hopes of years, the cherished visions, the noble aspirations, hitherto entertained in vain but patient expectation, were opened to him, and the fact that this journey was about to be undertaken to realize them. Never, never for a moment had Gertrude doubted her ultimate success. It was this sanguine hope that had sustained her, and brought comfort to her heart, after the first anguish caused by Mr. Ricard's conduct had worn away.

Earnestly, and with great astonishment he listened. Her words were eloquent when the first timidity had passed; and she felt that he had confidence in her powers, even as she had, and that he loved her still. But not a word, save those dictated by the strictest friendship, was spoken by either.

"Have you sufficient funds for this journey, Gertrude?" he whispered, as he took her hand to bid her adieu. William Ricard had a generous mind, and would fain have assisted her could he have done it with delicacy.

"Oh, quite, quite, thank you," she replied, earnestly; "more than I want, more than I can spend." How was he to know that her words were untrue?

"God speed you," he whispered.

* * * * *

Gertrude Lisle was in London. Nobody by her side to advise her in what manner to proceed. She had manuscripts, and she knew that there were editors and publishers, but she did *not* know how to bring her works to their notice.

Selecting a few articles suited to the pages of magazines, she took them with her own hands, and left one with each of the principal editors. But she left them anonymously. What answer could she expect? She knew that the works would be, or ought to be, their own passport to favor. She then wrote to a west-end publisher about one of her larger works, and received for answer, that he would take upon himself the publication and a share of the risk, if his reader thought well of it. But she must advance fifty or sixty guineas for advertisements, &c.

Fifty guineas! it was a sum far beyond Gertrude's means. The few jewels which had belonged to her mother, and some of her own more expensive clothes, purchased in better days, had been already disposed of for this very London journey. Practising of necessity the most rigid economy, and finding she had to wait, she removed from the decent lodgings she first occupied in the outskirts of London, to a solitary, mean chamber. She thought not of her self-denials—they were but for a time: she should soon have wherewithal to procure not only the necessities, but the luxuries of life. Her works once known and read by the public, her triumphant success was beyond all doubt, and without loss of time she would publish others. But she did not dwell on, or care for, the wealth that would be hers. She was poorly clad; weary with much walking; cold, and often hungry: yet gold bore in her heart but a secondary consideration; fame—fame was in store for her: appreciation was advancing with rapid strides.

This was the golden page of her idolized dream. Never, never, even when fame and all its accompaniments came, could more rapturous joy visit her heart than sit in it now. And she knew that when her longings were realized, her name spread far and wide, as one of the favored children of earth, she should be made the bride of William Ricard. Make the most of your darling visions while they last, Gertrude Lisle; the brightest dream must have an ending!

She glanced over pages of her own works again and again, conscious that they were worthy to take their stand by the side of the most successful. She read the trash perpetually put forth from the press: works which she should have felt ashamed to write, still more to publish. If *these* were deemed worthy a place in the world of literature, how much more would hers be! And the magazines—oh, how many of their pages were wasted! Let not the reader suppose that Gertrude over-rated her own merits; she did not: her genius was of that rare and surpassing quality which rendered all attempts easy of achievement.

Her later works had borne an infinite superiority over her former ones. The sad experience in worldly matters—the deep knowledge her heart had gained, through the faithlessness of William Ricard—had been of service to her writings; and the deep feeling and pathos which colored them, had never been observed save for that event. Her earlier works, and amongst them the one about which she had written to the London publishers from Paterstone, she had consigned to the flames, with a smile and a blush of almost shame, that she should ever have thought them so excellent.

Do my readers require to be told the sequel? With tremulous suspense, Gertrude, month after month, grasped the magazines to see if her contributions appeared in the index page—in vain. Her anonymous articles were not used, perhaps not even looked at. When she, *after months of deferred hope*—and we all know what it is said to be to the heart: some of us know what it is—called at the magazine offices, the manuscripts, apparently just as she had left them, were returned to her without a word. And the larger works? The publishers were all alike, all must be furnished with money in advance, differing only in the amount; advertising was very expensive: some required eighty pounds, some a hundred, some more. They might as well have asked her for eighty thousand.

And so the dream—the dream that for years had consoled Gertrude Lisle's existence, rendering all other things of life to her a vision, and that the reality—the dream was over. It had rudely vanished forever.

She returned to Paterstone in disappointment and isolation; the future now appearing a sort of misty blank, shadowing forth ideas of poverty and death. It was a bitter trial to meet William Ricard: had she not imparted the secret to him, she could have borne it better. Gertrude herself felt that the treatment she had experienced was unmerited; but would *he* believe so? She knew how deserving her works were of a place amongst the choicest; but the cold, selfish world had rejected them without trial. She was poor, unknown, and consequently neglected: she had no one to show

her the way or help her on the path to fame.

* * * * * * *

It was not consumption that ailed Gertrude Lisle, yet she was wasting away to the grave. She had known for weeks, ever since the stern awakening to reality which had sent the iron into her soul, that nothing could recall her to life; and one by one, the writings which had caused her so much toil and research were consumed to ashes.

She lay on the couch; the Bible, now her only companion, in her hand. Her soft dark eyes were larger than of yore, and her cheek had lost its rose-color; but she was still exquisitely beautiful. She was very young to die, only five or six and twenty; but disappointment had aged her spirit, so that it was as of one stricken in years. Let not the reader fancy he has been reading a fiction. Would he had been!

It was a warm, balmy autumn day. The birds sang as in spring; the sun shone on the deepening foliage; and the bells of one of the churches of Paterstone were ringing merrily on Gertrude's ear, bringing to her a sensation of joy. Joy that the day was bright for others.

"You are hearkening to the bells, Miss Gertrude," cried the old servant, perceiving that Gertrude had looked up from her book.

"I like to listen to the bells, Sarah: I always did. I suppose they are ringing for somebody's marriage."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the woman, turning suddenly round, and facing Gertrude, "to think that it should have slipped my memory almost as soon as told. I heard all about it from the baker this morning when he brought the bread."

"About what?" asked Gertrude.

"About the wedding: 'It is Mr. Ricard who is married to-day.'"

Gertrude raised her hand to her face, apparently smoothing down the braids of hair. Presently she spoke:

"I thought his marriage was not to take place for a week or two."

"No more it was, ma'am: so they said at least: but something, I suppose, hurried it on. Do you feel worse, Miss Gertrude? you look quite ghastly."

"The old stitch in my side, Sarah, nothing else. You can go down stairs now."

"It's a brave wedding, I'll answer for it," returned the servant, who loved a gossip dearly, like many others of her class; "a brave show, as far as carriages and feathers and company's concerned. Somehow I don't fancy it'll turn out as fine as it looks. But Mr. William has got his hankering—a grand lady for a wife."

Gertrude made no reply. She poured some scent on her handkerchief, and passed it across her brow; and the servant continued:

"It's a fine thing to marry a title. Lady Louisa Ricard! what a sound it has! But she's cold and proud, and an awful temper. I've had it from them as lived with her."

* * * * *

Proudly dashed the horses up the street of Paterstone, bearing the bridegroom and bride from their wedding tour, now that the honeymoon was over. William Ricard sat by the side of his wife: he was handsome and noble to look at; more so than she was; for her features, though fair and well formed, had a haughty, repelling expression.

As he handed his bride from the carriage to the hall of his mansion, he murmured a few words of welcome to her new home, and they passed on to their apartments. Was it to be a happy home to her? *That*, time had yet to prove.

Mr. Ricard was strolling down the street the next day, when he met Sarah, and stopped her to inquire after Miss Lisle. The old woman shook her head as she answered.

"You wouldn't be wanting to see her before she dies, would you, sir? if so, there's little time to be lost."

"What do you mean, Sarah?"

"I'm glad I met you, sir. I was a-thinking yesterday that perhaps you'd like to know how ill she was, seeing that you have been a friend there so long. Poor child! it is but a scanty lot of friends she's had in life, anyhow."

"You said Miss Lisle was dying once before, you know, Sarah, and you were mistaken; perhaps now also—"

"I was not mistaken, sir," interrupted the servant. "I meant then that Miss Gertrude would never look up again, but gradually decay away; and I was right. But she is certainly dying now. I have lived in the family, as you know, sir, many years. Miss Gertrude was always quiet and thoughtful, and of late years sad; but it was that precious journey to London that seemed to do all the mischief. Heaven alone knows what happened there, or what she went for: I've often tried to fathom it. But she has been dying by inches since she came back, and I am sure has not cared or sought to live."

* * * * *

"Oh, Gertrude!" sobbed William Ricard, as he hung over her, and clasped her cold hands in his, "live—live for me. I cannot say as I could once have said to you; but live to be my friend, my sister."

"Look at me," she answered at intervals, for the chill of death was gathering on her. "See how impossible are your words, even did I wish them—"

"You are so young and beautiful to die!"

"I am quite resigned. That dreadful disappointment I am even reconciled to now. I thought it frightfully unjust and cruel at the time; but I feel certain, since I have been able to reflect calmly upon it, that my fate was no worse than that of many others; that there are hundreds who have experienced the same, and whom it has killed as it has killed me. Obscure as I was, I ought not to have relied upon success. The merit that I depended on was never looked into; and through want of influence I was unable to make it known. My worst regret is, that the talents which were given to me by God, the world has prevented my exercising. I am going down to the grave, knowing that my existence has been a useless one; but I try not to think of that now. How is your—Lady Louisa, I mean—your wife?"

"She is well," Mr. Ricard answered. "Gertrude," he continued, solemnly, "I have not behaved to you as I ought, and I am here to beseech your forgiveness, before you are gone forever. You ought to have been my wife; God knows I have never loved another. But I made pride and ambition my idol; I bowed to the opinion of the world, and shrank from its censure; and I have been rightly dealt with. Our wedded life would have been one of happiness; mine—I have seen it almost ever since my wedding-day—will be that of misery."

"The time for regret is past," she gasped, as he kissed away the tears that fell on her face from his own eyes. "Endeavor to be to your wife the husband you would have been to me."

"She shall never have cause to complain of me," he answered; "but my interest in this life, the holyday of romance and love, passes away with you. Think not I say so from the mere excitement of the moment. I have loved you sincerely, fervently; even, Gertrude, to this hour; although I married another, I loved but you. And God, in His justice, has requited me."

Ere the morning dawned, Gertrude Lisle was no more. She died of that often-quoted—particularly by lovers and poets—but most rare malady, a broken heart. Broken from the day which had shown her the fallacy of her long and fondly trusted Dream.

The New Presses of the London Times.

The London Times has recently put in operation in its office the new "Walter Printing-Press," and it is now printed on four of these improved printing-machines, which were designed and manufactured in its own establishment, and have been patented both in England and in this country. The "Walter Press," so named in honor of the proprietor of the Times, is a machine that prints from a roll of paper instead of from sheets, as is done by the Hoe printing-press. It prints upon both sides of the paper by the same process, afterwards cutting the paper into sheets and delivering them in piles. In the foregoing respects it is similar to the Bullock printing-machine, excepting that in the latter the cutting is the first process, whilst in the "Walter Press," the cutting being the last, the use of a great deal of intricate machinery necessary to move the sheets through and deliver them from the machine is dispensed with, thereby lessening the liability to accident. The "Walter Press" also dampens its own paper; and receiving a roll as it comes from the mill, it sets, prints, and cuts it, manufacturing by one process a complete newspaper. This new machine runs at a speed of 12,000 copies, printed on both sides, per hour; and including stoppages, it prints from 10,000 to 11,000 copies per hour. One man and two boys run it, the latter inspecting and counting the sheets as they are delivered. The waste of paper is stated at one-quarter of one per cent., whilst the register is said to be practically perfect. The chief merits of the machine, however, are announced to be its saving of time and of expenses of working—items of great moment in a large newspaper office. The daily edition of the London Times is from 60,000 to 65,000 newspapers, of sixteen, and occasionally of twenty, pages each. This edition is now printed on four of these presses, run by four men and eight boys, with two pressmen to superintend them, fourteen persons in all, and printing over 40,000 sheets an hour. They print the edition in half the time and with one-fifth the number of hands required by the machines previously in use.

In making the change from the old to the new system, the Times reduced its press-room expenses just one-half, the pay-roll being $500 a week, or $25,000 a year less for 1870 than for 1869, whilst its saving in the waste of paper is $200 in gold per week, or $10,000 per year, an aggregate saving of $35,000 a year. Although the Times is printed upon thick strong paper, it is said that the new press does its work as rapidly and completely with the thin paper in use for printing American newspapers.—*The Printer.*

The Lord's Prayer.

When the elder Booth was residing in Baltimore, a pious, urbane old gentleman of that city, hearing of his wonderful power of elocution, one day invited him to dinner, although always depreciating the stage and all theatrical performances. A large company sat down at the table, and, on returning to the drawing-room, one of them asked Booth, as a special favor to them all, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He signified his willingness to gratify them, and all eyes were fixed upon him. He slowly and reverently arose from his chair, trembling with the burden of two great conceptions. He had to realize the character, attributes and presence of the Almighty Being he was to address. He was to transform himself into a poor, sinning, stumbling, benighted, needy supplicant, offering homage, asking bread, pardon, light and guidance. Says one of the company who was present, "It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale and his eyes, turned trembling upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt; it had become absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich toned voice syllabled forth, 'Our Father, which art in Heaven,' etc., with a pathos and fervid solemnity which thrilled all hearts. He finished; the silence continued; not a voice was heard nor a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (the host) stepping forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. 'Sir,' said he, in broken accents, 'you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from boyhood to the present time I have repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I never heard it before, never!' 'You are right,' replied Booth, 'to read that Prayer as it should be read caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness and grandeur can be condensed in a space so simple. That Prayer itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of solemnity.'"

☞ A nice little boy in Pittsburg went to the circus the other day, and amused himself throwing stones at the elephant while he was drinking. When he got through, the boy tried to propitiate him by offering him a piece of gingerbread. Before accepting the cake the elephant emptied about sixty-four gallons of water, beer measure, over the boy, and then slung him into the third tier to dry off. This boy is very indifferent about circuses now. He says he believes he doesn't care for them as much as he used to.

☞ ELEVEN COMMANDMENTS IN A CHURCH.—In the parish church of Chaledon, North Wilts, there are to be seen eleven Commandments, inscribed on a slab (which is affixed to the chancel arch;) the additional one consisting of our Saviour's precept—"A new Commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another," John xiii. 34. The church is quite an ancient one, the register dating back to 1641. I have never heard of this extra (or rather all-inclusive) Commandment being seen in any other church.

The Tribulations of Brigham.

Bonnets, Breeches, and Dry Goods—The Prophet's Family Vexations—Evil Results of Fashionable Example.

FROM THE CLEVELAND HERALD.

Brigham Young delivered a discourse in the New Tabernacle at Salt Lake City on May 6, on the opening of the semi-annual Conference, which is reported in full in the Deseret News of May 28, by official authority and with the speaker's revision. The occasion being important and solemn, a grave and important topic was chosen—dress and fashion. We have studied the Mormon President's reported addresses closely for several years, and have been forced to the conclusion that the thorn in the Prophet's flesh is woman—not woman considered as a moral, or immoral agent, but as a peg to hang dry-goods on. On all other subjects President Young is absolute monarch, but in matters of dress he is defied even in his own household. With sorrow he semi-annually, or even more frequently, confesses in open congregation that his wives individually and collectively snap their fingers defiantly under his nose when he attempts to lay down the law regarding bonnets and petticoats, and his multitudinous children rise up and call him an old fog-foo when he proposes untrimmed straw hats and homespun frocks.

THE BONNET QUESTION.

In his recent address Brigham Young went over the whole surface of woman, beginning with where the bonnet ought to be, and ending where there was too much or too little of the other extremity exhibited. Preluding with the statement that the women before him in the congregation did not wear bonnets that will secure their faces from the sun or shelter their heads from the rain, because it is not fashionable, but are topped off with "just such as the wicked women wear," he gives his views as to what a head covering should be:

"What do you say? 'Shall we introduce a fashion of our own, and what shall it be?' Do you want us to answer and tell you how to make your bonnets? Let me say to you that, in the works of God, you see an eternal variety, consequently we do not ask the people to become Quakers, and all the men wear wide-brimmed hats, and the ladies wear drab or cream-colored bonnets projecting in the front, perhaps six or seven inches, rounding on the corners, with a cape behind. This is Quakerism; that is, so far as head-dresses are concerned for ladies and gentlemen. But while we do not ask this, we do ask the sisters to make their bonnets so as to shelter themselves from the storm and from the rays of the sun. I have heard a saying that three straws and a ribbon would make a head-dress for a fashionable lady. This was a year or two ago."

SKIRTS.

Descending at a single bound from the head to the other extremity of woman, Brigham Young announced his entire dissatisfaction with the past and present style of dress skirts:

"A few years ago it took about sixteen yards of common-width cloth to make a dress for a lady, for she wanted two or three yards to drag in the streets, to be smeared by every nuisance she walked over. Now, I suppose they make their dresses out of five yards and a half, and then have abundance left for an apron. They put me now strongly in mind of the ladies I used to see in Canada some years ago, who made their dresses out of two breadths of tow and linen, and when they were in meeting they were all the time busy pulling them down, for they would draw up. The young ladies look now as if they needed somebody to walk after them to keep pulling down their dresses."

Brigham thought it contrary to the gospel they have embraced for young women to wear dresses in need of constant twicking at the hem to keep them from puckering up, or tilting up, and he blushed to-y red at the idea that the process of shortening may go on until three-quarters of a yard will be considered enough for a full dress pattern. He besought the ladies, especially the younger and more buxom sisters, to pause before proceeding to such unconcealed defiance of his views.

TRIMMINGS—A DOMESTIC SCENE.

There is another feminine weakness which he had become cognizant of to his cost, and on which it seems he ventured to expostulate with his wives in private by way of experimenting before berating all female Mormondom collectively. He said:

"When you buy yourselves dresses do not purchase one for six or eight dollars, and then want twenty more for trimmings. 'What is the use of it?' I asked some of my wives, the other evening, 'What is the use of all this velvet-ribbon—perhaps, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty yards, on a linsey dress?' Said I, 'what is the use of it? Does it do any good?' I was asked, very spiritedly and promptly, in return, 'What good do those buttons do on the back of your coat?' Said I, 'How many have I got?' and turning round I showed that there were none there."

That's where he had them. The scene affords good material for a picture of the Mormon President's life in the bosom of his family. A score or two of his wives seated around the room, their laps and work-tables heaped with dresses in an inchoate state, and countless yards of velvet and silk trimmings in a confused tangle on the floor; the women with defiant sneers on their scores of beautiful lips, and the President turning his broad argument upon them and looking triumphantly over his shoulder at his defeated but unconvinced wives.

BRIGHAM'S FAMILY TIES.

At this point the Prophet took the Conference again into his confidence and exposed to them some of his family secrets. Said he:

"Some, no doubt, feel ready to say: 'Why, Brother Brigham, do not you know that your family is the most fashionable in the city?' No, I do not; but I am sure that my wives and children in their fashions and gewgaws cannot beat some of my neighbors. I will tell you what I have said to my wives and children: shall I? Shall I expose what I say to them on these points? Yes, I will. I have said to my wives, 'If you will not stop those foolish fashions and customs, I will give you a bill if you want it.' That is what I have said, and that is what I think. 'Well, but you would not part with your wives?' Yes, indeed, I would. I am not bound to wife or child, to house or farm, or anything else on the face of the earth but the Gospel of the Son of God. I have enlisted all in this cause, and it is in my heart, and here is my treasure. Some may say, 'Why, really, Brother Brigham, you almost worship your family; you think a great deal of your wives.' Yes, I do; but, from my youth up, I never had but one object in taking a wife. The first one I had was the poorest girl I could find in the town; and my object with the second, and third, and so on to the last one was to save them. You say, 'Do I humor them?' Yes, I do, and perhaps too much."

A WORD FOR THE BRETHREN.

In his concluding remarks, the Mormon Prophet made a personal explanation, and fired a hot shot at the brethren by way of a set-off for the full volley given the sisters:

"Some here are thinking, probably, 'Brigham, why don't you dress in home-made?' I do. 'Well, have you got it on to-day?' No, but I want to wear out if I can, what I have on hand. I give away a suit every little while, and I would like to give some more away if I could find anybody my clothes would fit. I travel in home-made and wear it at home. As for fashion, it does not trouble me—my fashion is convenience and comfort. There is a style of pantaloons generally worn, about which I would say something if there were no ladies here. When I first saw them I gave them a name. I never wore them: I considered them uncomely and indecent. But why is it they are worn so generally by others? Because they are fashionable. If it were the fashion to go with them unbuttoned, I expect you would see plenty of our elders wearing them unbuttoned. This shows the power fashion exerts over the majority of minds. You may see it in the theatre; if you had attended ours recently you might have seen that this was not comely; you might have seen Maxeppa ride, with but a very small amount of clothing on. In New York I am told it is much worse. I heard a gentleman say that a full dress for Maxeppa there was one government stamp. I do not know whether it is so or not. Fashion has great influence everywhere. Salt Lake not excepted. No matter how ridiculous, the fashion must be followed. If it be for the ladies to have their dresses to drag along the street, or so short that they show their garters, we see it the same; and it is true if they are sixteen or twenty-four feet round. A great many seem to regard and follow fashion, with all its follies and vagaries, far more fervently than duty. How foolish is such a course. I have talked long enough. God bless you."

RECENT experiments by Dr. Grace Calvert, an English physician, on the subject of iron rust and the conditions most favorable to oxidation, show that rust contains a large percentage of carbonic acid, and that it is the presence of this substance in the atmosphere, and not oxygen, or watery vapor, which determines the oxidation of iron. Clean blades of steel and iron were not oxidized at all by either dry oxygen or carbonic acid alone; and but slightly by these gases singly in a moist condition, but when the same blades were left in a mixture of moist oxygen and moist carbonic acid, the oxidation was extremely rapid. These facts are of great practical importance, as they may suggest ways of preventing or decreasing the oxidation of iron implements.

A SAYING OF HENRY CLAY.—Henry Clay used to say that there were three classes of people with whom it was never safe to quarrel.

First—Ministers. For the reason that they had pulpits from which they could denounce me, and I had none from which to reply.

Second—Editors. For they had the most powerful engines from which they could every day hurl wrath and fury upon me, and I had none through which to reply. And, finally, with women, for they would have the last word anyhow.

☞ A son of Mr. H. S. Robinson, of Wesley, Maine, was lately poisoned. His father had been using superphosphate on his land, and the boy walked over it barefoot. The poison caused fearful swellings at the joints.

☞ Commissioner Delano has advices from all parts of the country of the promising state of the fruit crops. A large revenue from distillation of fruits is anticipated.

☞ The policy and lottery offices in New York and Brooklyn are reported to be 1,017 in number, besides 103 faro banks. At these establishments it is estimated $30,000,000 per annum are lost and won. Many attempts have been made to abolish these lottery offices, but all have failed.

☞ A Minnesota school board have voted lightning-rods dangerous, because they attract lightning, and have ordered one to be taken off the building in their charge.

☞ The late Nathaniel Willis, of Boston, who died a few days since, at the advanced age of 92 years, continued in the active duties of his profession as a journalist until past fourscore years. No man in New England was more respected than he.

☞ A Terre Haute man, who was divorced from his wife some years ago, now employs her to do housework for wife No. 2, at $2 per week.

☞ A London publishing house, profiting by the American example, announces a monthly periodical to be made up from American magazines.

☞ A little boy, on returning from Sunday-school, said to his mother: "This catechism is too hard; isn't there any kitty-chisms for little boys?"

☞ Mr. John Bigelow, formerly our Minister at Paris, having become bored with Buttermilk Falls (near West Point), has gone again to spend a little time among the effete monarchies of the Old World. He said that the people of the place where he lived (B. F.) "had no entertainments of any kind except going to church on Sundays, and *occasionally attending a funeral on week days.*"

☞ The jewelry of the Etruscans, some of which made over 2,000 years ago, was recently worn in public by an Italian lady, is declared by competent judges to be superior in workmanship and finish to any made at present in Paris.

☞ Some white gentlemen who took seats in the colored men's car on a Georgia railroad, the other day, were invited to another car by the conductor, as the two colored passengers objected to white gentlemen sitting in the car. Sensible darkies! The whites were probably a couple of miserable politicians, in quest of votes.

☞ A SHREWD TRADE.—"Jimmy, my boy, take these eggs to the store, and if you can't get a quarter bring them back." The boy went as directed, and came back, saying: "Father, it takes me to make a trade. They all wanted them at forty cents, but I screwed them down to twenty-five."

TORN TO PIECES.

TERRIBLE AFFAIR IN A TRAVELLING CIRCUS—THREE MEN DEVOURED ALIVE BY LIONS.

The usually quiet little village of Middletown, Missouri, was lately thrown into a painful fever of excitement by an awful catastrophe which occurred to the band lately attached to James Robinson & Co.'s circus and animal show, and led by Prof. M. C. Sexton.

Upon starting out from Cincinnati for the season, the management determined to produce something novel in the way of a band chariot, and conceived the idea of mounting the band upon the colossal den of performing Numidian lions, and which would form one of the principal and most imposing features of the show.

Although repeatedly warned by Professor Sexton that he deemed the cage insecure and dangerous in the extreme, the managers still persisted in compelling the band to ride upon it. On the fatal morning of the 12th, the band took their places and the procession commenced to move amid the shouts of the multitude of rustics who had assembled to witness the grand pageant, and hear the enlivening strains of music. Not a thought of danger was entertained by any one, but the awful catastrophe was about to occur.

As the driver endeavored to make a turn in the streets, the leaders became entangled and threw the entire team into confusion, and he lost control of them, and becoming frightened they broke into a violent run. Upon the opposite side of the street the fore-wheel of the cage came in contact with a large rock with such force as to cause the braces and stanchions which supported the roof to give away, thereby precipitating the entire band into the awful pit below.

For an instant the vast crowd were paralyzed with fear, but for a moment only, and then arose such a shriek of agony as was never heard before. The awful groans of terror and agony which arose from the poor victims who were being torn, lacerated by the frightful monsters below, was heart-rending and sickening to a terrible degree. Every moment some one of the band would extricate themselves from the debris and leap over the sides of the cage to the ground with a wild spring and faint away upon striking the earth, so great was their terror. But human nature could not stand and see men literally devoured before their very eyes, for there were willing hearts and strong arms ready to render every assistance necessary to rescue the unfortunate victims of this shocking calamity.

A hardware store which happened to stand opposite was invaded by the request of the noble-hearted proprietor, and pitchforks, crowbars, and long bars of iron, and in fact every available weapon was brought into requisition. The side doors of the cage were quickly torn from their fastenings, and then a horrible sight was presented to view. Mingled among the brilliant uniform of the poor unfortunates lay legs, arms, torn from their sockets and half devoured, while the savage brutes glared ferociously with their sickly, green-colored eyes upon the petrified crowd. Professor Charles White arrived at this moment, and gave orders in regard to extricating the dead and wounded, he well knowing it would be a difficult and dangerous undertaking to remove them from the infuriated monsters.

Stationing men with forks and bars at every available point, he sprang fearlessly into the den amid the savage monsters, and commenced raising the wounded, and passing them upon the outside to their friends. He had succeeded in removing the wounded, and was proceeding to gather up the remains of the lifeless, when the mammoth lion, known to showmen as Old Nero, sprang with a frightful roar upon his keeper, fastening his teeth and claws in him, in his neck and shoulders, lacerating him in a horrible manner. Professor White made three herculean efforts to shake the monster off, but without avail, and gave orders to fire upon him.

The contents of four of Colt's navies were immediately poured into the carcass of the ferocious animal, and he fell dead; and the brave little man, notwithstanding the fearful manner in which he was wounded, never left the cage until every vestage of the dead was carefully gathered together and placed upon a sheet, preparatory for burial. It was found that three of the ten who mounted the cage a short time before were killed outright, and four others terribly lacerated. The names of the killed are August Schoor, Conrad Freeis, and Charles Greiner. Coffins were procured and an immediate burial determined upon, as the bodies were so frightfully torn and lacerated as to be unrecognizable to their most intimate friends. It was a melancholy day for Middletown, and a sadder day for the friends and companions of the deceased.

Of all that vast multitude who started out in the morning with anticipations of a glad holiday, few left for their homes with dry eyes after the triple funeral, for the entire community followed the remains to the quiet little cemetery. At midnight the carcass of the slain beast was quietly buried on the lot where was intended to be given the exhibition, but which was never accomplished. There is a terrible responsibility resting upon some one, which should be thoroughly investigated, and the guilty parties be brought to a quick and speedy punishment. The lions are the same ones which nearly cost Professor Charles White his life, two years ago, while travelling with the Thayer and Noyes party, and were known to be a very dangerous cage of animals.

☞ At a dinner-party in New York recently, each guest found a rose on the plate: upon touching a small spring which resembled a thorn, the top of the rose fell back and disclosed to view an elaborate bill of fare printed on white satin ribbon in gold letters.

☞ It may be interesting to the ladies to know that in the West when an Indian camp is captured, the loose scalps are secured by the soldiers who send them east for chignons.

☞ On Monday, P. H. Rayner, livery stable keeper, at Helena, Ark., while drunk, shot his wife in the head, and supposing he had killed her, blew out his own brains. The wife was only stunned, the bullet having embedded itself in her waterfall.

☞ All bronzes have hitherto been cast rough in sand moulds, and then wrought by hand up to the degree of finish in which we see them. The new American bronzes are cast in moulds of the most delicate potter's clay, and come forth from them perfect.

☞ Why is a river the laziest thing in creation? Because it is never seen out of its *bed.*

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New World of Wonders—An Astonishing Discovery.

The microscope has been called man's sixth sense. After exhausting all the natural powers, unaided by science, there yet remains an unknown world of nature to which the senses have no access. The microscope opens this amazing creation to our vision; and we find it teeming with organised life and beautiful forms, in comparison with which the grosser structures seem quite imperfect.

The earth on which we tread is in many places simply the remains of living things which once moved and felt the sunlight, and died to build up a world of variety and usefulness for man in his turn to live and die upon. The city of Richmond is built upon such a graveyard. The chalk cliffs of England are made of dead infusoria. The rotten stone with which we polish metals is only the shells of minute creatures whose day of existence was millions of years ago. The dirt-eaters of Lapland, of North Carolina, and of California devour the remains of organized life, and derive nourishment from the animal matter which has survived countless ages for these wretched beings to feed upon.

All these things come to us through the little tube upon which science has conferred these marvellous powers; and science is yet ceaselessly working on to results still more surprising. The last advance, which has just been made in this city, is a very large one. Until now the best microscope magnified an object not more than two hundred million times its actual size, and very few microscopists ever saw such power. The President of the Royal Society of England last summer showed a shell magnified one hundred and forty-four million times, and this excited the astonishment of microscopists throughout the world. But the new optical combination just completed in New York exhibits the same object under an enlargement of nine thousand million times its natural magnitude. If an ordinary domestic fly could be seen entire under such magnification, it would seem to cover a space as large as the whole city of New York below Wall street. A man would appear more than a hundred miles high, and a lady's hair would reach half way from New York to New Haven.

This wonderful instrument is so sensitive that a loud word spoken near it destroys all distinctness of vision, from the tremor imparted to it by the motion of the air, and a footstep on the floor shakes it out of adjustment. The field of view—that is, the area which can be seen at once—is a circle only the one twelve-thousandth of an inch in diameter, but it appears to the eye to be eight inches in diameter. A microscopic shell called an *angulatum*, of which about one hundred and forty placed end to end will reach an inch, and which is simply marked with lines of the most exquisite delicacy when examined under ordinary powerful microscopes, exhibits under the new instrument half globes of white silex, whose diameters appear to be an inch and three-quarters, and of which only fifteen can be seen at once. In reality the point of a cambric needle is larger than the circle upon which these fifteen half globes exist, and yet that circle appears like a dessert-plate covered with lady-apples.

These wonders we have seen; but how they are produced only men of science can fully explain and understand. The honor of the invention belongs to Mr. Edward N. Dickinson, the distinguished lawyer and engineer of this city.—*New York Sun.*

A Valuable Pincushion.

The late Prince Demidoff was some years since paying court to an actress who was the fashion among the bloods of the day, and it was his custom on entering the room to fall on his knees before that adored beauty. In those days long neck scarfs and superb breast-pins were the fashion. The Prince had of course invariably the superbest of the superb. The reigning favorite never omitted taking the favorite pin out of the scarf and placing it in her pincushion, to the great amusement of the Prince. The pincushion soon became literally studded with jewels of priceless value. One day the servant entered the room with terror-stricken face. "Madame, the Prince." "Well," replied the actress, "let him come in." "But, but, but, madame," said the poor girl. "But what?" exclaimed her mistress. "Oh, madame! the Prince wears a short neck-cloth." "Tell him, then," rejoined the beauty, "that I am not at home." It is needless to say that in future the Prince never had the courage to call without a long cravat and extravagant breast-pin.

A CURIOUS "ice match" recently took place near San Francisco, to test the relative virtues of two specimens of ice, one from Little Grass Valley, and the other from Summit. Both blocks weighing each 131 pounds, were placed in the sun, with even chances, the mercury marking 90 degrees in the shade. The "Summit chunk," says the report, "was broad and rather flat, while the Grass Valley specimen was longer, and sat on one end." Toward noon, as the match became hot, and streams of water trickled down the faces of the antagonists, "there was great excitement among the friends of the respective chunks," and bets ranged from $2,50 to $100. The Summit chunk began to have the best of it. Grass Valley showed deep furrows, while Summit took the matter coolly, and seemed confident of victory. About the middle of the afternoon the friends of Grass Valley gave up, and went to betting on how long Summit would last. It grew dark before the cake was melted, and the match against time had to be continued by the light of lanterns. Summit beat Grass Valley 4 hours and 55 minutes. About $1,500 changing hands on the result.

☞ Cooperation is very successful in England. Three years ago a few clerks of the London Post office clubbed together to buy their groceries, &c., at wholesale prices. Their association spread to other branches of the civil service, and the first year the goods sold amounted to a little over $100,000. The past year the sales of this one establishment have come up to nearly $2,000,000, and the members have divided a profit of about $23 000—that is, they have got their supplies of all kinds so much under cost. The profit comes from outsiders, who have still been supplied with the best qualities, at very moderate prices.

HARD AND SOFT WATER.—The British Med. Jour., in its abstract of Dr. Letheby's views, says that he considers moderately hard water better suited for drinking than that which is very soft—an opinion which is confirmed by that of the French authorities, who took the Paris water from chalk districts instead of from sandy strata. He also states that a larger percentage of French conscripts are rejected from soft-water districts than from neighborhoods supplied with hard-water, and that English towns supplied with water of more than ten degrees of hardness have a mortality of four per one thousand less than those whose inhabitants use soft-water.

☞ ENGLISH HISTORIES.—It is said that within the whole range of histories used in the schools of Great Britain, nothing can be found which relates to the war of the Revolution in this country, or which describes the results following it.

☞ We are told that the sun this spring is unusually spotty, covered, as it were, with a sort of cutaneous eruption. A New York paper is worried about these sun-spots, and thinks they portend either the speedy combustion of the earth, or magnetic storms on our planet, and wars and rumors of wars. We are told, to give us an idea of our insignificance, "that the inhabitants of other planets would not notice the disappearance of the planet we inhabit, any more than we can see a speck of sand carried off by the wind on the sea-shore."

☞ SOUND TIMBER.—Certain timbers of great durability, when framed together, act upon each other so as to produce mutual destruction. Experiments with cypress and walnut, and cypress and cedar, prove that they will rot each other while jointed together, but on separation the rot will cease, and the timbers remain perfectly sound for a long period.

☞ The Journal of Science affirms that insanity is due far more frequently to insufficient nutriment, to poverty, and to physical deterioration, than to the severe mental strain which is so often demanded from the upper and middle classes in society. In England, and, in fact, throughout the British Isles, there is no doubt that insanity has rapidly increased within the past few years. But it is to be traced almost wholly to the pauper class—the increase is not found among the educated men. Statistics give ample proof of the truth of this statement. Hence the remedy suggests itself. Whatever will tend to lessen poverty—whatever will tend to open industrial pursuits to the poor, and to enlarge the resources of a country—will diminish that dreaded scourge, insanity.

☞ THE EYE.—The oft-reiterated statement that the eye of a dead animal has impressed upon it an image of the last object seen in life has been the subject of serious investigation in Germany. It has been stated that the eye of a murdered man had been found in which a portrait of the murderer was distinctly traceable. In the investigation in question the eyes of thirty different animals, all of which had been killed with a view to subsequent examination, were carefully inspected, but in no case was there any evidence discovered to warrant the statement referred to.

☞ It is said that when Dickens had written the chapter describing the death of little Paul Dombey, he wandered for a whole winter night restlessly and with a heavy heart about the streets of Paris.

☞ A well-known young lady lecturer's matrimonial engagement is announced in these terms. A New Jersey editor has prevailed on Miss Kate Field to devote herself exclusively to curtain lectures.

"SHOO, FLY!" is classical. Homer himself alludes to the troublesome creature in the Iliad; and translators—Pope, Cowper, and Bryant—give these versions:

"So from her babe, when slumber seals his eye,
The watchful mother wafts the envenom'd fly."

"Far as the mother wafts the fly aside
That haunts her slumbering babe."

"As when a mother, while her child is wrapped
In sweetest slumber, scares away the fly."

☞ Weak eyes may be strengthened by bathing them with good cider vinegar.

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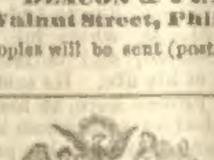
FITS,  FITS.

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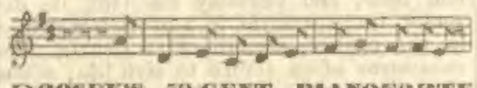

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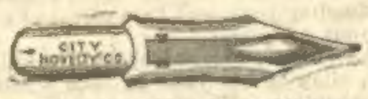

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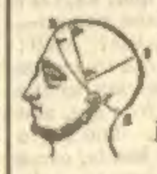

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aug6-cowly

WIT AND HUMOR.

Ike After the Opera.

Since the night when Ike went to the opera, he has been, as Mrs. Partington said, crazy, and the kind old dame has been fearful lest he should become "non pompous mentus, through his attempt at imitating the operations." The morning after the opera, at the breakfast table, Ike handed over his cup, and in a soft tongue sang:

"Will you, will you, Mrs. P.,
Help me to a cup of tea?"

The old lady looked at him with surprise, his conduct was so unusual, and for a moment she hesitated. He continued in a far more impassioned strain:

"Do not, do not keep me waiting,
Do not, pray, be hesitating,
I am anxious to be drinking,
So pour out as quick as winking."

She gave him the tea with a sigh, as she saw the excitement in his face. He stirred it in silence, and in his abstraction took three spoonfuls of sugar. At last he sang again:

"Table cloths, and cups and saucers,
Good white bread, and active jaws, sirs,
Tea—gunpowder, and souchong—
Sweet enough, but not too strong."

"What do you mean, my boy?" said Mrs. Partington, tenderly.

"All right, steady, never clearer,
Never loved a breakfast dearer,
I'm not bound by witch or wizard,
So don't fret your precious gizzard."

"But Isaac ——" persisted the dame. Ike struck his left hand upon the table, and swung his knife aloft in his right, looking at a plate upon the table, singing—

"What form is that to me appearing?
Is it mackerel or is it herring?
Let me dash upon it quick
Ne'er again that fish shall kick—
Charge upon them, Isaac, charge!"

Before he had a chance to make a dash upon the fish, Mrs. Partington had dashed a tumbler of water into his face to restore him to "conscientiousness." It made him catch his breath for a moment, but he didn't sing any more at the table, though the opera fever still follows him elsewhere.

Some of Sheridan Knowles' Bulls.

During an engagement at the Haymarket theatre, Knowles having made preparations for a trip into the country, went to the dressing-room of the manager, Mr. Webster, and said, in his usual emphatic manner, "I am going out of town to-morrow. Can I take any letters or parcels for you?" "Well, my dear Knowles," replied Webster, "I'm much obliged to you, but where are you going?" "Upon my faith," said the ingenious Irishman, "I really don't know, for I haven't made up my mind."

When a version of "Frankenstein" was being performed nightly at two metropolitan theatres, the hero being represented at the one by O. Smith, and at the other by T. P. Cooke—Knowles, on meeting the former one day in the street, stopped him and cried, "Faith! I met your namesake yesterday—Mr. T. P. Cooke!"

The names of Mark Lemon and Leman Rede used to puzzle him severely; and as both were, at the period I speak of, frequently before the public as writers for the stage, Knowles could never bring himself to understand which of the two was the subject of congratulation when a dramatic success had been achieved by either of them. At length he met Leman Rede and Mark Lemon walking arm-in-arm. "Ah!" said Knowles, the moment he was close enough to accost them, "now I am bothered entirely! Which of you is the other?"—*Hodder's Memories of My Time.*

An Amusing Incident.

During the course of lectures and reading by our home talent the past winter, Mr. J. P. Bartlett, the worthy President of the New Hampshire Bank, read Goldsmith's comedy "She stoops to conquer." Everything conspired to render the entertainment most enjoyable and impressive, even the quiet of the house being sufficient for the proverbial "pin drop," when one of those incidents, which may not be foretold, occurred, which completely upset the dignified gravity the audience, in conjunction with the speaker, had assumed. Reaching that point in the play where hardcastle complains to Marlow that the conduct of his drunken servants is insufferable, saying "Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you. * * * They had their orders for what they do! I am satisfied!" Marlow answers: "They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves." And just at this point where Mr. Bartlett announces in *sotto voce* "enter Butler, drunk," his associate brother, the worthy cashier of the New Hampshire Bank, Mr. L. S. Butler, entered the hall, walked up the aisle and took a conspicuous seat, the observed of all. The ludicrousness of the incident created an audible smile, the face of the genial reader gave evidence of contortions sufficient to tell the humor within, while the unsuspecting cashier, "who has *not* an argument in *any* cup," looked the very dignified picture of innocence, as well he might.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

The Negro's Bet with the Donkey.

"You not go on, sar? dat a fact, eh, sar? Well, sar, I bet you *a bit* I make you go—eh, sar, what you say, dat a bet! Well; done, sar." The animal appeared to accept the wager, as he laid back his ears to the fullest extent, threw out his foreleg, and evinced no intention of moving. The negro then, spitting copiously on his hands, came behind the donkey, and grasping his tail, proceeded to twist it round with all his force; the animal at once gave in, and started off at a brisk trot. The negro was preparing to follow, when my friend hailed him, and said, "So you have won your bet; how will you get paid?" "Oh, massa," he answered, with a grin, "my missey gib me dis (producing a bit from his pocket, which is a colonial coin, worth about fourpence) to buy him a feed of corn when we get to Kingston; I gib him notink now, and jest spend de bit on lilly drap of sometink good for tomack."

☞ A Missouri newspaper claims that the hogs of that state are so fat that in order to find out where their heads are it is necessary to make them squeal, and then judge by the sound.

This is the ROMAN FALL, a match for the GRECIAN BEND.

GOT BEHIND HER.—Jessie Williams had been doing something which her mamma had told her she mustn't do. She had been eating currants, and, of course, got her mouth all stained; that's the way she got found out. Mrs. Williams said: "You know you were forbidden to eat currants." "But, mother, Satan tempted me." "Why didn't you say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan?'" "I did say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and he went and got behind me, and pushed me right into the currant bushes?"

JUNE.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

[From the Earthly Paradise.]

O June, O June, that we desired so,
Wilt thou not make us happy on this day?
Across the river thy soft breezes blow
Sweet with the scent of beanfields far away,
Above our heads rustle the aspens gray,
Calm is the sky with harmless clouds beset,
No thought of storm the morning vexes yet.

See, we have left our hopes and fears behind
To give our very hearts up unto thee;
What better place than this then could we find
By this sweet stream that knows not of the sea,
That guesses not the city's misery,
This little stream whose hamlets scarce have names,
This far-off, lonely mother of the Thames?

Here then, O June, thy kindness will we take;
And if indeed but pensive men we seem,
What should we do? thou wouldst not have us wake
From out the arms of this rare happy dream,
And wish to leave the murmur of the stream,
The rustling boughs, the twitter of the birds,
And all thy thousand peaceful happy words.

More About Greek Brigands.

Brigands in Greece are not, as in other countries, still cursed with brigands, a class completely cut off from society. Each troop had then, and probably has still, its director, its impressario, in a town, sometimes in the capital, sometimes at Court. The subalterns often return to civil life; often also the peasant turns brigand for a few weeks, when he knows that a good haul is to be made. The job finished, he returns to his village. Of all the countries in the world, Greece is the country in which opportunity has called forth the greatest number of highwaymen.

A Frenchman, residing in Athens, has told how his servant one day timidly accosted him, twisting his cap between his fingers—

"You have something to ask me?"

"Yes, effendi, but I dare not."

"Dare, nevertheless."

"Effendi, I want to spend a month on the mountain."

"On the mountain! What for?"

"To stretch my limbs, saving your respect, effendi. I get rusty here. In Athens, you are a heap of civilizees (I have no intention of offending you), and I am afraid of catching your complaint."

The master, touched by such valid reasons, allowed his valet to take a month's man-shooting. He returned at the expiration of his leave of absence, and never touched so much as a pin of his master's property.

There was a poor gendarme who, for long, long years, aspired after the rank of corporal. He was a good soldier, brave enough, and the least refractory in his company; but his only patron was himself. So he deserted, and turned brigand. Here he was able to display his talents. He was soon well known to all the heads of the gendarmerie. They tried to catch him, and missed catching him five or six times.

Giving up that game, they sent a friend to treat with him. "You shall have your pardon, and, to make up for your trouble, you shall be made a corporal to-morrow, and a sergeant in the course of the year."

His ambition was satisfied. He consented to be made corporal, awaiting patiently his sergeant's stripes. He had long to wait for them. One day, his patience was worn out, and he returned to the mountain. He had not killed three men before they made haste to make him a sergeant. He afterwards rose to be an officer, with no other patrons than the persons he has put under-ground.

There did exist one amazing commandant of the gendarmerie, who seriously endeavored to put down brigandage. In a few months he made all the brigands hide their diminished heads in their rocky dens. But the authorities lost no time in dismissing him. He was sapping the foundations of society.

Two travellers of M. About's acquaintance, on the point of starting for a province infested with brigands, thought of asking for a safe conduct from the great personages who patronize the principal bands; but one reflection made them desist. "If those gentlemen, to oblige their underlings, should give them notice of our coming, on the sly, and so make them a present of our luggage! Better trust to chance than to the honor of a Greek." They set off on their journey without a safe-conduct.

They were very near repenting it. One day, after climbing a steep mountain all alone, they were quietly contemplating the landscape, when they found themselves exposed to three guns, levelled at them by three Pallicares, flemmed in on three sides, they escaped by the fourth, and ran down the hill much more quickly than they had come up. In vain the three gunners shouted, "Stop! stop!" One of the fugitives afterwards stated that, during the run, for the first time in his life, he felt for stags and other poor creatures who are hunted and shot at, with no means of defence but flight.

A Frenchman was cleaned out while returning from a short excursion. The brigands took their choice of his clothes. They left him his percussion gun, those worthies only caring for flint guns. Of course they took his money; but, as he spoke Greek extremely well, he explained to the chief of the band that he could not possibly return to town without a halfpenny. Whether for the love of the Greek tongue, or out of pure charity, the chief generously gave him five francs. This adventure happened within six leagues of Athens.

Athens was once all but taken by brigands. The famous Grisiotis had got together, in the island of Eubœa, a band which was almost a little army. He marched on the capital, and probably would have taken it, if the first shot fired at him had not disabled one of his arms. He fell, and his followers took to their heels. But, had that bullet missed its mark, Athens would have been in the pleasant condition of a hare in the midst of a pack of hounds.

A lady traveller, who was fond of sketching, was robbed of her gold chain, just outside the town, on Mount Lycabetes, by a young Greek very well dressed and very well made. She was busy finishing a sketch, when the handsome scoundrel came up and plundered her. When asked why she let him approach so close to her, "Could I guess," she answered, "that my chain was all he was thinking of?"

Illumination of the Body.

When persons are talked of as having obtained "illumination," no one supposes that the remark is to be understood literally, as if the illuminated individual were brilliantly lit up internally with candles or gas in the manner of a town during times of public rejoicing. Henceforth, however, when we speak of men's enlightenment or illumination, it will be necessary to state whether the words are used literally or by way of metaphor. A Russian physician has discovered a method of so using the electric light that the whole interior of the human machine may be observed, "almost," it is said, "as if skin and flesh were transparent." A few weeks since, Dr. Milio, the inventor in question, who is a celebrated surgeon of Kieff, lectured at St. Petersburg on this astonishing discovery he has made. In demonstration of the feasibility of his process he placed a bullet in his mouth, and then caused the electric light to shine full upon his face, whereupon the bullet became distinctly visible through his cheek. The especial utility of his discovery he considers to be that foreign bodies, as bullets, lodged in the flesh, can thus have their whereabouts infallibly ascertained, without the danger and martyrdom of perpetual insertion of probes. Dr. Milio further maintains that in cases where the bullet contains the smallest admixture of steel, he can provide for its extraction by the application of magnetism.

☞ An old man presented himself before an Overseer of the Poor in Minnesota the other day, with six horses and other stock, valued at $1,500, which he desired the county to receive, and in return support him the rest of his life. He said he was too old to take proper care of his stock, and having no relatives with whom he wished to live, he preferred to go to the poor house.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cleaning Cellars.

Rainy weather is so common in this month that we must plan to do a little work in rainy days, that we should otherwise have to take time to do by-and-by when we shall want to be ploughing and planting. Among the work of this kind that we can do any rainy day, and, consequently do not usually do until it cannot be neglected any longer, are the overhauling the vegetables in the cellar and carrying out all that have begun to decay, all cabbage stumps, and the dirt that was carried in last fall on the root crops; and the selecting (if you have not already attended to that) of such as you expect to use for seed. The sooner this is done the better, for, besides saving the time, the presence of this decaying vegetation (there is much of it, even in the dirt, in the shape of small fibrous roots) is very injurious to the health of the family living over it. Many families suffer from fevers and other disorders in the spring of the year that might be directly traced to this cause, and yet they do not know they are committing suicide by neglecting to clean out and air the cellar under the rooms in which they live. Many a housewife scours and cleans until she almost scrubs herself through the floor into the cellar, and yet lives in an air arising from that cellar more impure than if she kept the cow and pig in the corner of her living room. It would be much better if the vegetable cellar was not under the house at all, but under the wood-house, corn-barn, or even under the barn itself, and then let nothing but the fruit and such articles as will not so badly taint the air be kept in the house cellar.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

Chalk for Calves.

A correspondent of the English Agricultural Gazette says:—"When an animal is found licking its fellow, it is proof that uneasiness is present in the stomach, and the licking of his neighbor is a habit contracted by instinct, with a view of removing the unpleasantness. Unfortunately, instinct is not at all times sufficient to avoid dangerous practices. To overcome this evil propensity in the young animal, a very simple expedient is at hand. If we take for granted that the stomach is at all times fully charged with acid matter, we shall, without much hesitation, find a remedy.

"Calves being generally housed together for a time, previous to turning out, it is only necessary to procure some shallow troughs, into which is placed a quantity of common chalk, which the young stock will not fail to make themselves acquainted with. A constant supply should be kept in the troughs. If one animal has a superabundance of acid secretion, it will most certainly swallow some of the chalk, which, I need not assert, will as certainly neutralize the excess of acid. If an animal has not acid in excess, and partakes of the chalk, it will do no harm. It is often too late to administer remedies to young stock when suffering from such diseases as are produced by concretions in the stomach, and the placing of chalk within their reach cannot be made too early."

How to Fatten a Poor Horse.

Many good horses devour large quantities of grain and hay, and still continue thin and poor. The food eaten is not properly assimilated. If the usual feed has been unground grain and hay, nothing but a change will effect any desirable alteration in the appearance of the animal. In case oil meal cannot be obtained readily, mingle a bushel of flaxseed with a bushel of barley, one of oats, and another bushel of Indian corn, and let it be ground into fine meal. This will be a fair proportion for all his feed. Or, the meal or barley, oats, and corn, in equal quantities, may first be procured, and one-fourth part of oil-cake mingled with it when the meal is sprinkled on cut feed. Feed two or three quarts of the mixture three times daily with a peck of cut hay and straw. If the horse will eat that amount greedily, let the quantity be gradually increased, until he will eat four or six quarts at every feeding, three times a day. So long as the animal will eat this allowance, the quantity may be increased a little ever day. But avoid the practice of allowing a horse to stand at a rack well filled with hay. In order to fatten a horse that has run down in flesh, the groom should be very particular to feed the animal no more that he will eat up clean and lick his manger for more.

Coal Ashes for Corn.

W. S. Smedley, Leonville, Pa., writes:—"Last winter we saved our coal ashes, sifting them and keeping them dry till spring, which we mixed with about half their bulk of ground plaster, and when the corn was well through the ground, set a boy to putting the mixture on the hills, at the rate of about a half handful to each hill, going over about half the field of twelve acres, and thought nothing more of it until harrowing time, when I noticed, in crossing the field, a very distinct difference in the appearance of the corn; that where the ashes and plaster had been applied being very dark and healthy, the other part pale and feeble. However, the whole field made a very fair crop for a dry season, but I am satisfied that that part where the plaster and ashes were applied made fifty bushels more shelled corn than where there was none—and the ashes were coal ashes. Plaster alone had never acted so well for us."—*Rural New Yorker.*

Flies on Horses.

The Journal of Chemistry gives the following as a preventive of horses being teased by flies:—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for a quarter of an hour. When cold, it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquor, viz.: between and upon the ears, the neck, the flanks, etc. Not only the gentleman or lady who rides out for pleasure will derive pleasure from the walnut leaves thus prepared, but the coachman, the wagoner and all others who use horses during the hot months.

HEMLOCK HEDGES.—The Gardener's Monthly remarks: "Some think that as the hemlock is a large forest timber tree, it can not be kept down as a hedge plant; but summer pruning will keep the strongest tree in a dwarf condition for a great number of years. The pruning has to be done just after the young growth pushes out, which generally is about the middle of May. It is very important the hedge should be cut with sloping sides, *so that every part of the surface should have the full benefit of the light.* No hedge with upright sides or a square top, will keep thick at the bottom long."

☞ A Texas paper says the weather in that section has been delightful. The fields present the appearance of newly-swept parlors, the corn to tassel, and the cotton to form squares.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 89 letters.
My 1, 20, 36, 65, 11, 82, is a tree.
My 5, 52, 83, 77, 55, 61, is a flower.
My 9, 31, 41, 56, 69, 18, is a fruit.
My 12, 64, 48, 79, 4, 5, is an insect.
My 17, 3, 24, 59, 34, 50, is a fish.
My 23, 16, 74, 38, 63, 4, is an animal.
My 27, 20, 66, 39, 35, 6, is an insect.
My 33, 28, 12, 58, 86, 76, is an animal.
My 37, 10, 52, 45, 2, 71, is a reptile.
My 47, 19, 7, 72, 25, 21, is a bird.
My 53, 4, 78, 57, 87, 46, is a vehicle.
My 54, 18, 30, 13, 2, 26, is a reptile.
My 59, 64, 40, 73, 33, 14, is a bird.
My 62, 44, 7, 36, 84, 22, is a flower.
My 67, 49, 38, 75, 42, 85, is a relative.
My 70, 9, 32, 77, 25, 68, is an animal.
My 80, 35, 61, 29, 27, 16, is a fruit.
My 83, 41, 28, 43, 42, 60, is an animal.
My 89, 15, 81, 8, 53, 51, is a bird.
My whole is a poetic quotation.

Sheffield, Pa. ISOLA.

Charade.

Within the bounds of Albion's isle
My first is known to be,
Uncertain, coy, as woman's smile,
Deceitful as the sea.
My next at Pilate's portals wide
Announced the fatal morn
When Jesus died, and thrice denied
By Peter was with scorn.
As fickle as my first, my whole
The readier is to move,
The readier owns the one control,
And to it truer proves.

JOSEPHUS.

Diophantine Problem.

It is required to find three integral numbers, such that the product of any two of them divided by the sum of the same two shall be a rational integral square.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A man starts from a place at the rate of 2 miles per hour, but *constantly* increases his speed in a geometrical ratio. At the end of one hour he is going at the rate of 5 miles per hour. It is required to find how far he goes in that time.

Send solution to H. R. SPINK.

Mason City, Iowa.

Conundrums.

☞ When did Moses sleep five in a bed? When he slept with his forefathers.

☞ Why is a kiss like a scandal? Ans.—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

☞ When a man runs for office, what kind of a sweetmeat does he become? A candidate.

☞ Which are the most melancholy trees? The *weeping*-willow and the *pine*-apple.

☞ Why is a dog with a broken leg like a boy at arithmetic? Because he puts down three and carries one.

☞ Why are umbrellas like good Catholics? They keep *lent* so well.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—
"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

METAGRAM.—Bin. (Din, Fin, Gin, Kin, Pin, Sin, Tin, Win.)

RECEIPTS.

SOUR CREAM, SOUR MILK, AND BUTTERMILK.—There is no end to the nice articles of food that may be made by using sour cream, sour milk, and buttermilk, in a judicious way. There are several things in their use about which care should be taken. 1st. Cream that is to be used in cooking should be wholly separated from the milk. 2d. It should be thoroughly soured. 3d. If in any recipe milk or buttermilk is to be employed with the cream, it should also be entirely sour, as the mixture of sweet and sour milk, or cream, tends to make the article heavy. 4th. The amount of soda or saleratus should only be just enough to sweeten and lighten the cream, as any more than this imparts the green color and soapy flavor which are so disagreeable and unwholesome in articles of food.

When once a recipe is found to be good, no changes should be made, as the chances are ten to one that the experimenter will have a failure and lay the blame upon the use of cream instead of her own carelessness or ignorance. I annex a few recipes which have been well tried and proved, and are thought by all my friends who have made use of them to be among their best recipes.

BUTTERMILK MUFFINS.—1 quart of sour buttermilk, 1 teacupful of sour cream, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, flour enough to make as thick as pound cake. Bake in muffin rings placed upon tins in the oven, from 20 to 30 minutes, according to the temperature of the stove.

BUTTERMILK GRIDDLE CAKES.—1 quart of sour buttermilk, a little salt, 1 teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make the cakes as thick or thin as you like them. Bake upon a griddle.

CORN BREAD OR CAKE.—1 quart of sour milk or buttermilk, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar or molasses, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 pint of corn meal; 2 tablespoonfuls of sour cream may be added, though it is good without. Bake about one hour.

MOLASSES CAKE.—1 teacupful of molasses, 1 teacupful of sour cream, 1 teaspoonful of soda, ½ teaspoonful of ginger, a little salt; stir in flour enough to make a very stiff batter.

CREAM CAKE.—1 teacupful of cream, 1 teacupful of sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in ½ teacupful of buttermilk, a little salt, 2 teacupfuls of flour; spice to your taste.

TO MEND RUBBER, &c.—Take half an ounce of gum ammoniac and a tablespoonful of water; heat together till they form a milky fluid; then one ounce of isinglass, add six wine glassfuls of water; boil together till the quantity is reduced one-half, then add one wine glassful of spirits of wine. Boil this mixture three minutes, then strain through muslin, adding, while hot, the ammoniacal fluid formerly made. Finally add half an ounce tincture of mastic resin. The cement thus made is best preserved in vials in which it sets when cold. When required for use it can be liquified by placing the vial in boiling water.

M. C. D.